THE BEE
WASHINGTON

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Congressional Library

A Great Parade

PARADE IS INSPIRING—CATHOLIC DIGNITARIES REVIEW HOLY NAME PROCESSION.

Marchers Number 6,000—President Taft, at White House, an Interested Spectator—Baltimoreans in Line.

Crowds on Sidewalks Along Pennsylvania Avenue—Exercises Held at the Monument.

In solid columns, eight abreast, 6,000 members of the Holy Name Society of the archdiocese of Baltimore marched along Pennsylvania avenue Sunday afternoon as a public protest against profanity and immorality.

The presence of the apostolic delegate and other dignitaries of the Catholic Church lent impressiveness to the demonstration, and the spactacle on the Monument grounds, when the marchers gathered to hear commendation by priest and layman, was inspiring.

Along the Avenue from the Peace Monument to 17th street thousands of spectators watched the parade, and by their silence paid an eloquent tribute to the purposes of the Society. At the head of each parish delegation marched a standardbearer, carrying a religious banner, while each crusader waved a small pennant bearing the title of the Order. Strict military discipline was observed and the bands played nothing but patriotic and sacred airs.

According to those clergymen who had reviewed similar processions recently in Pittsburg, Boston and other cities, the Washington parade, including the delegations from Baltimore and Alexandria, was the most notable.

President Sees Parade.

President Taft and members of his family witnessed a portion of the parade from a north window of the White House. As each band passed the Executive Mansion "Hail to the Chief" was played.

In the reviewing party gathered on a balcony on the second floor of the New Willard Hotel were Archbishop Diomede Falconio, apostolic delegate; Rt. Rev. Owen B. Corrigan, auxiliary bishop of the archdiocese of Baltimore; Mgr. James F. Mackin, pastor of St. Paul's Church, and Mgr. Thos. S. Lee, pastor of St. Matthew's Church. Each battalion as it passed the reviewing point saluted the prelates by dipping its banners, and in response Archbishop Falconio doffed his hat and bowed.

Delegation from Baltimore.

The band of the Second Regiment, D. C. National Guard, headed the parade. The crusaders from Baltimore were given the place of honor at the head of the procession. Six parishes were represented in the delegation, with Dr. J. B. Gorman as marshal. Next in line was the delegation from Alexandria, of which William Desmond was marshal. Rev. W. J. Kane led the platoon representing the St. John's Society of Frederick, Md.

Members of St. Cyprian's Parish, 700 strong, led the second division, with their own band. The colored men acquitted themselves with honor, under the direction of E. Brown, marshal.

The third division, headed by Fersinger's Band, was next. It included St. Joseph's Parish delegation, Richard J. Curtin, marshal, and the Holy Name Society, led by William T. Kelly. Then came the sturdy veterans from the Soldiers' Home. The sight of these 50 venerable soldiers, marching with a proud spirit, caused a ripple of applause, the only outburst of cheering along the whole line.

The fourth division, headed by Miener's Band, was composed of the following: St. Martin's Parish, with M. J. Shea as marshal; St. Anthony's Parish, with W. J. McCloskey as marshal; St. Matthew's Parish, with Thos. B. Huyck as marshal, and St. Stephen's Parish, with Harry Crompton as marshal.

With the First Regiment Band of the District National Guard leading, the fifth division was composed as follows: St. Peter's Parish, with Geo. F. Davis as marshal, and the Holy Comforter Parish, with William L. Kuell as marshal.

In the sixth and final division were St. Dominic and St. Vincent de Paul Parishes, with Michael Shugrue as marshal. The Soldiers' Home Band, with Prof. Zimmerman as leader, was at its head.

Parishes All Represented.

It was a fact noted by many that not a single parish in which the Society is represented failed to contribute as large a delegation as it had promised, and many were far larger than was at first thought possible. The first estimates of the numbers of the marchers were therefore revised, and it is now believed there were more than 6,000 in line.

The line of march embraced B street northwest from East Capitol street, Pennsylvania avenue to 15th street, thence past the White House to 17th street, and to the Monument grounds.

The paraders halted when the Monument grounds were reached, and at signal from the chief marshal ranks were broken, and in orderly array the hosts came to attention at 4:15 o'clock, facing the small platform where the speakers were assembled. It is said the outdoor meeting was the largest ever held under the auspices of a religious society in the National Capital.

Expressing the clerical view of the event, Rev. Father Fitzgerald, the first speaker, said:

"There is an inspirational side to this event which should be emphasized. By the great parade you have given a public expression and a public avowal of your Christian faith. You have declared your allegiance to Jesus Christ.

Reminded of Army's Return.

"On the historic Avenue, where many a magnificent pageant has been held, you have marched to-day in the cause of keeping the name of God free of blasphemy and profanity. I cannot but think of that great march 45 years ago, when the returning Union soldiers paraded in victory down this same boulevard.

"We are here in sight of the beautiful White House, where lives the Chief Executive of this Nation, chosen by a vote of the people. We express our faith not only in our religion, but in the destiny of this Republic. We know it rests upon authority, for without authority, recognized by the people, there is nothing. Without it we may look for rapine, disorder, disintegration."

From the layman's point of view, Michael I. Weller expressed gratification at the demonstration, saying in part:

"Reverend clergy, ladies and gentlemen: Here, at the Nation's Capital, on the banks of the majestic Potomac, in the shadow of the monumental shaft erected in honor of our immortal patriot, George Washington, this grand Catholic demonstration of the Holy Name Societies has been appropriately inaugurated, upon this Sunday afternoon, to give living and forcible expression to our faith in the Son of God and our firm determination to be constantly mindful of the respect due to His holy name, with the fervent pledge that our lives shall always conform to His admonitions.

Tribute to Early Pilgrims.

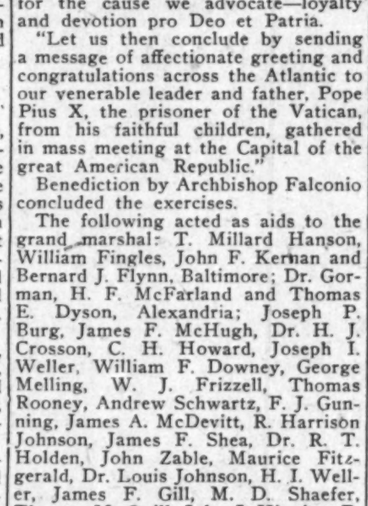
"Two hundred and seventy-six years have now passed since that small company of Catholic pilgrims left England, braving the dangers of the deep, in the wintry season, on small, fragile vessels, for conscience sake, to found a new permanent home on these shores; that they and their co-religionists of other races, who followed, have borne themselves with credit is conceded by every impartial historian; their deeds speak eloquently for the cause we advocate—loyalty and devotion pro Deo et Patria.

"Let us then conclude by sending a message of affectionate greeting and congratulations across the Atlantic to our venerable leader and father, Pope Pius X, the prisoner of the Vatican, from his faithful children, gathered in mass meeting at the Capital of the great American Republic."

Benediction by Archbishop Falconio concluded the exercises.

The following acted as aids to the grand marshal: T. Millard Hanson, William Fingles, John F. Kernan and Bernard J. Flynn, Baltimore; Dr. Gorman, H. F. McFarland and Thomas E. Dyson, Alexandria; Joseph P. Burg, James F. McHugh, Dr. H. J. Crosson, C. H. Howard, Joseph I. Weller, William F. Downey, George Melling, W. J. Frizzell, Thomas Rooney, Andrew Schwartz, F. J. Gunning, James A. McDevitt, R. Harrison Johnson, James F. Shea, Dr. R. T. Holden, John Zable, Maurice Fitzgerald, Dr. Louis Johnson, H. I. Weller, James F. Gill, M. D. Shaefer, Thomas M. Quill, John J. Higgins, P. F. Nelligan, S. R. Golibart, Joseph D. Sullivan, P. C. J. Treanor, John R. Smith, William Griffin, D. M. Stanton, John B. Irwin, J. M. Burns, P. J. Conlon, Daniel A. Edwards, William H. De Lacy, Michael Heister, Dr. Charles P. Neill, J. J. O'Dea and Thomas W. Short.

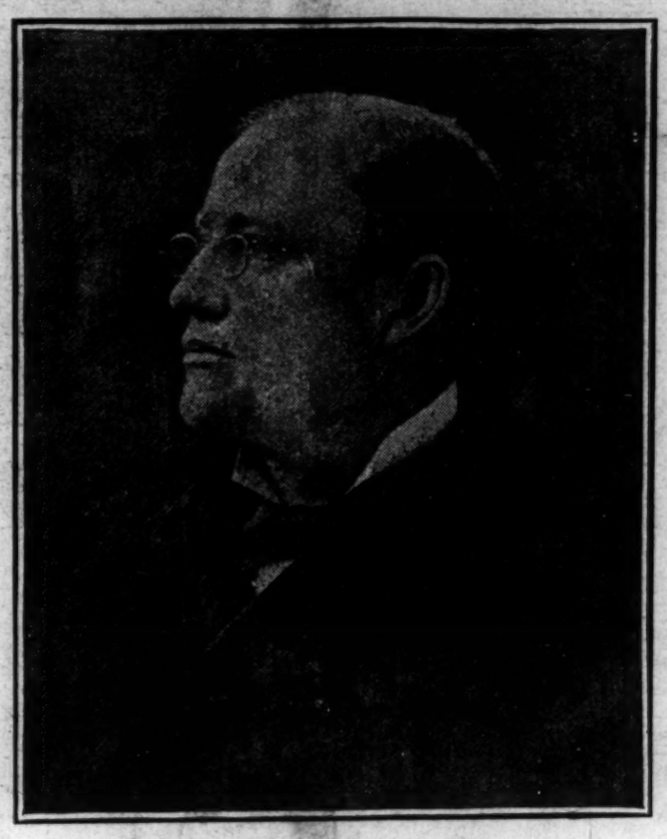
Colorbearers at the head of the line were P. T. Niland and James D. Flynn.



HON. BASCOM C. SLEMP.
Elected After a Hot Contest.

Gen. Forrest.

The Bee notes with pleasure the continued good record being made by Gen. Henry A. Forrest, for years connected with the Pullman service and a consistent patron of every worthy charity, both in Washington and elsewhere. At Freedmen's Hospital, the Home for Friendless Girls and the Social Settlement, his name is held in grateful remembrance for his generous benefactions bestowed from year to year.



HONORABLE WALTER I. SMITH
Elected

THE ELECTIONS

DEMOCRATS SWEEP THE COUNTRY.

Republicans Thrown From Earth—A Lesson to the Republican Party.

The election last Tuesday will no doubt be a lesson to the Republican party. The House is Democratic and the Senate almost gone.

Champ Clark probably will succeed Speaker Cannon.

Democrats gain eight seats in Senate.

Dix Governor of New York by 65,000.

Wilson carries New Jersey by 25,000.

Harmon triumphs in Ohio by 60,000.

Foss Governor in Massachusetts by 32,987.

Baldwin wins in Connecticut by 3,500.

John W. Kern will succeed Senator Beveridge.

Democrats gain two Representatives in Maryland.

Chicago goes Democratic by 25,000.

Democrats gain three Representatives and a United States Senator in West Virginia.

Democrats gain a Senator in Ohio, New York, New Jersey, Nebraska and probably Missouri and Montana.

Consolation for Republicans.

Tener elected Governor of Pennsylvania by 20,000.

Bass elected Governor of New Hampshire by 5,000.

Gov. Pothier re-elected in Rhode Island by 900.

Osborne Governor of Michigan by 40,000.

Hooper, fusion candidate, carried Tennessee by 20,000.

Kansas, North Dakota, California, Wisconsin and Minnesota named Republican Governors.

Speaker Cannon re-elected by increased plurality.

Payne and Dalzell also returned to Congress.

Republican Senators assured from Delaware, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Michigan and Wisconsin.

The sweep of the political tidal wave which rolled over the country Tuesday is further emphasized by additional returns and revised figures at hand to-day.

The Democratic majority in the House of Representatives will be at least 42, and possibly more, as compared iwth the present Republican majority of 43.

Added to the reversal of the lower branch of Congress, the returns show the Republican majority of 26 in the United States Senate rapidly approaching the vanishing point, although the Republicans are now reasonably assured of 48 Senators, or one more than the necessary majority, with a number of States still in doubt.

Changes Presented.

The most notable changes are summed up as follows:

In Ohio a Democratic Legislature has been elected, insuring a Democratic successor to Senator Dick, Republican, and the plurality of Gov. Harmon is increased to 60,000.

The West Virginia Legislature is Democratic and will elect a Democratic Senator to succeed Senator Scott, Republican.

In Indiana the Legislature, which chooses a successor to Senator Beveridge, is in doubt, with the Democrats claiming a majority of 12 and the Republicans maintaining that Beveridge will have a small margin.

Iowa is still uncertain, with both sides claiming the Governorship.

The Pennsylvania Legislature is safely Republican and will elect a Republican successor to Senator Oliver.

Washington has a Republican Legislature, which appears to insure the election of Miles Poindexter to the Senate. The Utah Legislature, which elects a United States Senator, also is Republican, while that of Montana is in doubt.

Warner defeated in Maryland.

Beveridge in Indiana.

West Virginia loses Senator Scott.

New York loses Depew, and a Democrat will succeed him.

It is a landslide.

Congressman B. C. Slemp, in the ninth Virginia district, is no doubt elected.

LICENSE RENEWAL.

Resolved to Stand Together, Believing Suspension Was But Temporary.

By unanimous vote the members of the Washington Division of the United Order of True Reformers, at a largely attended meeting in True Reformers' Hall, 12th and U streets northwest, Sunday evening, decided to stand together and await developments. Word had been received from W. P. Burrell, secretary of the Grand Fountain at Richmond, Va., that the suspension here of the business of the order, due to a suspension of its license by the insurance departments of both Virginia and the District of Columbia, was but temporary, and that within a short time matters would be adjusted and business renewed.

W. R. Griffin, chief of the Washington division, presided at the meeting, and addresses were made by J. H. Hunter, of Pittsburg; Rev. J. W. Howard, pastor of Zion Baptist Church; Rev. W. D. Jarvis, pastor of the New Bethel Baptist Church; Rev. H. K. Freeman, Rev. Joseph Beaman, and J. W. Branson.

Confidence in Management.

The tenor of the addresses indicated a confidence in the present and past managements of the order, and that the present difficulties were due to technicalities that would easily and promptly be straightened out. There are seventy-eight lodges and 1,818 members of the order in the District of Columbia, and the value of its local property is estimated at $80,000.

A suspension of the business of the order was directed in Virginia by the insurance department October 26, and the local insurance department followed suit with an order for the suspension of business here. The Virginia order of suspension forbade the consideration of applications for membership and the initiation of new members within the State while the order remains effective. It added that the order would remain effective until the affairs of the Savings Bank of the True Reformers and of the Reformers' Mercantile and Industrial Association are liquidated, either by order of court or otherwise, or until the money on deposit in the bank and other assets of the Grand United Order of True Reformers in the possession of the bank were returned to the association.

Result Satisfactory.

W. R. Griffin, of the Washington division, said Sunday evening the unanimous vote of the members to stand by each other he regarded as a vote of confidence in the management of the order. The meeting, he said, was called to advise the members of the condition of affairs and to ascertain their sentiment. The result he regarded as entirely satisfactory.

TO JOIN IN REVIVAL.

Prominent Evangelists Will Assist in the Services.

Arrangements have been completed for a great union Negro revival meeting in this city. The meeting will be conducted under the auspices of the National Negro Baptist Evangelistical Convention of America and the Cosmopolitan City Mission and Church Extension Society.

There will be a regular revival meeting held every night for ten days, to end with the sixth annual session of the National Negro Baptist Evangelistical Convention of America, to be held at the Cosmopolitan Baptist Church, Dr. Simon P. W. Drew, pastor.

Evangelists to Aid.

Leading Negro evangelists will aid in the revival movement for the rescue of the young Negro boys and girls who are going astray in this city. Some of those who will take part are Dr. Charles T. Walker, of Augusta, Ga., better known as the black surgeon of America; Dr. G. W. Bailey, of Plainfield, N. J.; Dr. E. E. Jackson, of Montclair, N. J.; Dr. H. H. Waring, of Virginia; Dr. G. H. Sims, Dr. N. S. Eppes, of New York; Mrs. Annie Brown, one of the leading woman evangelists of the United States, and Dr. Ralph Peyton, of Richmond, Va.

The sixth annual session of the convention will be held from Nov. 22 to 27. The officers of the convention are: Rev. Simon P. W. Drew, D. D., President, District of Columbia; Rev. T. A. Walker, Secretary, Philadelphia; Rev. G. W. Bailey, D. D., Treasurer, New Jersey; Rev. E. N. McDaniels, D. D., New Jersey, Corresponding Secretary; Chairman of Board of Education, Prof. E. E. Fennell, Lynchburg, Va.; Rev. W. W. Allen, D. D., Baltimore, Md., Chairman of the Mission Board.

List of Vice Presidents.

Vice Presidents as follows: Rev. William Perry, of New Jersey; Rev. J. D. Bolluck, of North Carolina; Rev. J. A. Gales, of Massachusetts; Rev. George W. Drew, D. D. LL D., of Indiana; Rev. G. T. Long, A. M., of Pennsylvania; Rev. G. H. Turner, of Virginia; Rev. J. Woodward, D. D., of Ohio; Rev. Prince Rhann, of Virginia; Rev. W. H. K. McCullen, of Georgia; Rev. W. T. Brooks, of Kentucky; Rev. T. Wright, A. B., of Maine; Rev. S. Walker, of Connecticut; Rev. Louis Morris, D. D., of Illinois; Rev. J. Washington, A. M., of Vermont; Rev. J. Wisher, D. D., of Florida; Rev. S. Littlejohn, Ph. D., of Missouri; Rev. H. Stewart, A. M., of New Hampshire; Rev. W. Beecher, of South Carolina; Rev. J. B. Dixon, B. D., of Mississippi; Rev. George W. White, D. D., of Nebraska; Rev. H. Jones, A. M., of Tennessee; Rev. N. Brown, of Rhode Island; Rev. W. H. Frank, D. D., of West Virginia; Rev. A. Langston, LL. D., of Cuba; Rev. A. Latin, of Africa; Rev. A. Longston, A. M., of Alabama; Rev. J. W. Washington, D. D., of Montana.

The Public School Athletic League.

The Public School Athletic League was successfully launched at a meeting of teachers in the M Street High School Tuesday. The purpose of the League was clearly outlined by E. B. Henderson, to whom the Board of Education gave permission to organize. Assistant Superintendent Bruce presided.

The purpose of the League is to encourage manly participation in athletic sports by the boys of the public schools, especially the elementary schools. Such a league as has been formed will work wonders in the formation of good habits of loyalty and discipline among the boys. The various "stunts" which the boys will be called up to perform will appeal to all of them—not merely to the record breaker. As it now stands, there are but few athletics, especially within a school, in which all the boys can take part. The only physical training which the boys are now afforded is that in which they go through with the girls of the classroom.

The League will also seek to take hold of the overgrown boys in the graded schools, who are anxious to withdraw because they are overgrown, and provide them with an incentive for further development, mentally and physically. The athletics will appeal to the boys, not from the standpoint of breaking a record made by the exceptional boy, but equalling or surpassing the record (if such it may be called) made by the average boy. Such means will prevent the boys from becoming discouraged. The League, however, does not propose to discriminate against the girls. They will be permitted, under certain restrictions, to engage in games, under the supervision of a female member of the physical training department.

Public School Athletic Leagues are now in operation in the following cities, in connection with the Board of Educations of these cities: New Orleans, Baltimore, Seattle, New York, Newark, Troy, Buffalo, Cleveland, Birmingham, Tacoma, San Francisco, Kansas City and Cincinnati.

The constitution was adopted and the following officers elected: President, James E. Walker, Supervising Principal of the 13th Division; Vice President, G. C. Wilkinson; Secretary, E. B. Henderson; Treasurer, Miss A. E. Thompson, Principal of the Slater School.

The President appointed the following committees.

Publicity and Printing—J. Moria Saunders, Chairman; J. O. Montgomery, B. C. Dodson, E. H. Lawson, and Miss A. Shorter.

Finance—G. S. Wormley, Chairman; W. A. Hamilton, Eugene Clark, W. B. Hartgrove and R. B. Green.

The next meeting of the League will be held Tuesday next in the study hall of the M Street High School. At that time final plans for the winter will be laid out. J. M. S.

PARAGRAPHIC NEWS

(By Miss G. B. Maxfield.)

Columbia University, at the October meeting of the University Council, conferred upon Mason A. Hawkins, principal of the Baltimore colored High School, the degree of Master of Arts. Mr. Hawkins is also a graduate of Harvard University.

Mr. H. P. Slaughter, of this city, is now editor of the Odd Fellows Journal. He succeeded Mr. J. C. Asbury.

A bequest of $25,000 to Yale University was made in the will of Rev. Morton Dexter, a prominent Yale graduate, which has been filed in court.

Sacrificing her own life, Lillie Preston, a colored woman employed by Mrs. Lee Whidby, wife of a local merchant, died in a hospital in Albany, Ga., from burns sustained while saving her mistress' life.

A delegation from the First Light Infantry regiment of Providence, R. I., presented a life-size bronze bust of Gen. Robert E. Lee to the Richmond Blues at the latter's armory at Richmond. The presentation is a token of appreciation and courtesy extended during a visit to the Virginia city last spring.

Mr. J. C. Asbury, former editor of the Odd Fellows Journal, is being strongly supported for the position of United States sub-Treasurer in Philadelphia. This would be a worthy appointment.

As a public protest against profanity and immorality, 7,000 members of the "Holy Name Society" of the Catholic Church marched up Pennsylvania avenue last Sunday evening. The crowd was the most orderly ever witnessed in this city. The silence was taken as an eloquent tribute to the purposes of the Society.

United States Senator Stephen Clay, of Georgia, is seriously ill and is now in a sanitarium. There seems to be a mystery about his illness, but it is thought he is suffering from a cancer of the stomach.

Henri Dunant, the founder of the International Red Cross Society, died at Helden, a health resort. He was a Swiss by birth. June 24, 1859, at the battle of Solferino, he conceived the idea of pledging the nations to protect all sick and wounded. This was the beginning of the great world-known Red Cross Society.

The Standard Oil Company paid $9,000,000 for 104,000 acres of land about 25 miles north of Shreveport, La. It is said the Louisiana field produces a high grade of oil. The daily production is 12,000 barrels. This is said to be the largest deal in oil lands in the history of the industry.

Naval officials are considering the advisability and practicability of equipping the new battleship authorized at the last session of Congress with a flying machine. There are no available funds, however, but special attention is being given to the military value of the aeroplane, in connection with naval operations.

Patrick Sullivan, a head waiter for Riordan Brothers, proprietors of a South End liquor store and cafe in Boston, Mass., was fined $100 for discriminating against Mrs. Mary Beausolia, a colored woman, who was not allowed to eat in the cafe.

Beginning with to-day the many millions of dollars in the Chicago subtreasury are to be counted dollar for dollar. This is due to the fact that Lee Small, of Kanakee, Ill., becomes Assistant Treasurer, and will take the place of former Assistant Boldenwick. A committee from the Treasury in this city will supervise the count.

The War Department has under its control about 635 vessels, while the Navy Department has only 340 vessels. The Quartermaster's Depart- has about 155, used for carrying troops and military supplies and families of officers.

Dr. Arthur Edwards has announced a gift of $200,000 by James A. Patten, the former wheat corner operator, to found a chair of experimental pathology in Northwestern University Medical School, the purpose of which will be chiefly the study of tuberculosis and pneumonia.

John Hays Hammond, Jr., son of the noted mining engineer, has made some important discoveries, preventing interference in wireless waves. His patents, it is said, have been thoroughly tested.

Ex-Gov. Guild, of Massachusetts, in an address to the school children of Boston, said: "Israel Putman created the flag, and not Betsy Ross. She only suggested that the stars be five-pointed instead of six-pointed."

William Durst, of Philadelphia, 76 years of age and one of the two living members of the crew of the ironclad Monitor, has received the medal awarded him by the last Congress.

Arrangements have been completed for a revival service to begin Sunday night at the Cosmopolitan Baptist Church under the auspices of the National Negro Baptist Evangelistic Convention of America.

What Next, or More?

Every prominent District office is filled by a Democrat; what next?

Democrats are given offices by a Republican administration and Republicans ignored; what next?

The House of Representatives is Democratic; what more?

Colored Republicans are ignored by Democratic office holders who were appointed by Republicans; what next?

Read The Bee and be happy; what more?

A Democratic House will investigate the schools; what more?

R. C. Bruce will go; what more?

"Mardi-Gras" March

FREDERICK A. FRANKLIN.

American Melody Co., N. Y. Copyright

Kenyon $15 Men's Suits

When you seek economy, ask your merchant to show you this $15 Suit. Compare it with one that costs $25, and see wherein lies the difference. It does not lie in the wearing qualities, surely not in the style and fit. The great difference is one of price, caused by more than one reason—made in the largest factories of their kind in the world.

C. Kenyon Co., 23 Union Sq., N.Y.

W.B. Reduso CORSETS

THE W. B. Reduso Corset brings well-developed figures into graceful, slender lines. It reduces the hips and abdomen from one to five inches.

Simple in construction, the Reduso—unhampered by straps or cumbersome attachments of any sort, transforms the figure completely.

Fabrics are staunch woven, durable materials, designed to meet the demand of strain and long wear. There are several styles to suit the requirements of all stout figures.

Style 770 (*as pictured*) medium high bust, long over hips and abdomen. Made of durable coutil or batiste, with lace and ribbon trimming. Three pairs hose supporters. Sizes 19 to 36. Price **$3.00.**

Other REDUSO models **$3.00** per pair upwards to **$10.00.**

W. B. Nuform and **Erect Form** Corsets—in a series of perfect models, for all figures, **$1.00** upwards to **$5.00** per pair.

Sold at all stores, everywhere.

WEINGARTEN BROS., *Makers,* 34th St. at Broadway, New York

THE HUMAN RACE.

Will Man Simply Shrink Off the Face of the Earth? Asks This Statistician.

A French statistician who has been studying the military and other records with a view of determining the height of men at different periods has reached some wonderful results.

He has not only solved some perplexing problems in regard to the past of the human race, but is also enabled to calculate its future and to determine the exact period when man will disappear from the earth.

The recorded facts extend over nearly three centuries.

It is found that in 1610 the average height of man in Europe was 1.75 meters, or, say, five feet nine inches. In 1790 it was five feet six inches. In 1820 it was five feet five inches and a fraction. At the present time it is five feet three and three-quarter inches. It is easy to deduce from these figures a rate of regular and gradual decline in human stature and then apply this, working backward and forward, to the past and to the future. By this calculation it is determined that the stature of the first men attained the surprising average of sixteen feet nine inches.

Truly, there were giants on the earth in those days. The race had already deteriorated in the days of Og, and Goliath was a quite degenerate offspring of the giants. Coming down to later time, we find that at the beginning of our era the average height of man was nine feet, and in the time of Charlemagne it was eight feet eight inches. But the most astonishing result of this scientific study comes from the application of the same inexorable law of diminution to the future. The calculation shows that by the year 4000 A. D. the stature of the average man will be reduced to fifteen inches. At that epoch there will be only lilliputians on the earth. And the conclusion of the learned statistician is irresistible that "the end of the world will certainly arrive, for the inhabitants will have become so small that they will finally disappear"—"finish by disappearing," as the French idiom expresses it—"from the terrestrial globe."—London Tit-Bits.

GOT AHEAD OF PITT.

The Ruse by Which George III. Outwitted His Premier.

On Jan. 19, 1805, Dr. Manners-Sutton, bishop of Norwich, was giving a dinner party in his Windsor deanery when his butler informed him that a gentleman wished particularly to see him, but would not give his name.

"Well, I can't come now in the middle of dinner," said the bishop. "Beg pardon, my l[illegible], but the gentleman is very anxious to see you on important business," and the butler was so urgent that the bishop apologized to his company and went out. The gentleman who would not be denied proved to be King George III.

"How d'ye do, my lord?" said he. "Come to tell you that you're archbishop of Canterbury—archbishop of Canterbury. D'ye accept—accept? Eh, eh?"

The bishop bowed low in token of acceptance.

"All right," said his majesty. "You've got a party—see all their hats here. Go back to them. Good night."

Next morning Pitt appeared at Windsor castle to inform his majesty that Archbishop Moore had died the day before and to recommend the bishop of Lincoln, Dr. Pretyman, for the vacant primacy.

"Very sorry, very sorry, indeed, Pitt," said the king, "but I offered it to the bishop of Norwich last night, and he accepted. Can't break my word."

Pitt was very angry, but the deed was done, as the king meant it should be, and so Dr. Manners-Sutton became archbishop of Canterbury and held the great office for twenty-three eventful years.—Michael McDonagh in Chambers' Journal.

Where to Purchase the Bee.

The "Washington Bee" is on sale at the following named places:

Dr. A. S. Gray, 12th and You Sts. N. W.

Drs. Board and McGuire, 1912 1-2 14th Street. N. W.

E. Throckmorton, 1500 14th Street N. W.

Dr. Walter C. Simmons, 1000 20th Street N. W.

Dr. William Davis, 11th and You Streets N. W.

Send in your subscription at once for The "Bee" 2507 P street, agency.

Dr. Singleton's drug store, 20th and E Street N. W.

Joseph Davis, 1020 U Street N. W.

Steele's Dairy Lunch Room, 1900 I Street N. W.

Southwest.

Charles E. Smith, 312 G St. S. W.

Out of town agents:

E. D. Burts, 2636 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

J. H. Gray, 1232 Pine Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Robert S. Laurence, 417 1-2 King Street, Charleston, S. C.

James Allen, 1023 Texas Avenue Shreveport, La.

Alphesus Conley, 7 Potter Street Buffalo, N. Y.

Young & Olds, 1519 South Street Philadelphia, Pa.

W. H. Robinson, 406 South 11th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Read The Bee.

WANTED—A RIDER AGENT IN EACH TOWN and district to ride and exhibit a sample Latest Model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. *Write for full particulars and special offer at once.*

NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone, anywhere in the U. S. *without a cent deposit* in advance, *prepay freight,* and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL** during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle ship it back to us at our expense and *you will not be out one cent.*

FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycle it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save $10 to $25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of *factory prices* and *remarkable special offers* to rider agents.

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THOUGHTS IN DREAMS

Startling Rapidity With Which the Mind Works In Sleep.

SOME STRANGE EXPERIENCES

The Events of a Whole Lifetime May Flit Past the Dreamer In a Few Moments—Queer Results of a Dream Experiment by a Noted Psychologist.

A characteristic of dreams which, as the rather materialistic Dr. Clarke says, "hints at a life that has neither beginning nor end and is bounded by no limits which human thoughts can compass" is the rapidity with which events happen in the dream world. Thus, when asleep and dreaming, we live an entire lifetime in a minute; in a space of time that is scarcely more than a second we pass through experiences that could not be duplicated in this objective sphere in hours, perhaps in years.

Count Lavalette relates that one night, when imprisoned and under sentence of death, he dreamed that he stood for five hours at a Paris street corner, where he witnessed a continuous succession of harrowing scenes of blood, every one of which wrought his soul to the highest pitch of excitement. When he woke he found that he had been asleep less than two minutes.

In a more recent experiment, made expressly to test the truth of these theories, the subject was aroused from sleep by a few drops of water being sprinkled upon his forehead. It took but an instant to accomplish this result, and yet in that incalculably brief space of time the man dreamed of going on an excursion; of an accident by which he was plunged into a lake, and during the long struggle to escape death that followed all the experiences of his life seemed to flash before him, just as they are said to appear to a person who is actually drowning.

Dreams are tricksters. Professor Titchener of Cornell university told with gusto of his experience. As a specialist in psychology he interested himself in dreams. Like a true scientist, he once set about gathering data. He wanted to know what caused dreams, where they came from, what they meant, and all that. He determined to watch himself when he slept and to awake himself at once when he found himself dreaming something of value. So, with a notebook on a writing table near his bed, he forced himself to waken for several nights and to write down, while the dream impressions were vivid, his remembrances of the details and by a study of the room, the bed and his physical condition to attempt to arrive at the possible causes of his dreams.

He was getting on famously. One night he had a particularly vivid dream. In accordance with his practice, he forced himself to awake and immediately write down clearly everything about it, then went back to sleep again. The next morning he arose and was astounded to see that his note sheet was blank. He remembered positively the notes he had set down thereon in the middle of the preceding night. The next night again he wrote down his notes after his dreams, only to have the same uncanny sensation the next morning at finding nothing recorded.

The strange circumstances set him to pondering. That night he impressed upon his mind before dropping off into slumber that he must awaken with his first dream, or, if not with that, with his second dream. Subsequently this strong antesleeping command delivered to himself was present all through his dream consciousness. When the first scenes of a vivid dream came before his fancy he felt himself awaken, and he set about writing down the facts upon the pad at his table.

It was then that from some source of inner consciousness he felt the command again to awake, although he seemed at the time to be in full possession of his normal faculties. His eyes opened, and the secret was out. He found himself lying in bed, where he had been all that night. His rising after each dream had become so much a routine that he had dreamed that he had arisen and had made the notes, and his dream was so clear that it seemed reality.—Outing Magazine.

Pat's Deficiencies.

Mrs. McCarthy's husband went out in a boat alone. The boat overturned, and he was drowned. A friend met her some weeks later.

"I hear," said he, "that Pat left you very well off—that he left you $20,000."

"True," said Mrs. McCarthy; "he did."

"How was that?" asked her friend. "Pat could not read or write, could he?"

"No," said Mrs. McCarthy, "nor swim."—New York Press.

Good Reason Why.

The Woman Hater—Can you explain why it is that a woman hardly ever thanks a man for giving her his seat in a street car? The Man Hater—Easily, sir! It's because she hardly ever gets the chance.—Brooklyn Life.

Almost Got It.

"Is there any difference in the meaning of the words 'nautical' and 'marine?'" asked Mr. Malaprop.

"Not much," replied Mrs. Malaprop. "One is a cinnamon of the other."—Chicago Record-Herald.

True dignity is never gained by place and never lost when honors are withdrawn.—Massinger.

LATHAM'S HOME RUN.

And How It Figured In Having Him Dubbed "the Dude," as Told by Charley Comiskey.

Charley Comiskey told the story of how Arlie Latham came to be called "the dude."

"One spring during Latham's term of service with the good old St. Louis Browns," said Comiskey, "he jumped into the opening game of the season and won us a victory by knocking out a home run in the last inning. Chris von der Ahe from his place in the grand stand saw Arlie make his sensational hit and naturally enthused. After the game 'der boss president' entered the clubhouse and in that peculiar dialect of his said to Latham:

"'Arlie, my poy, you must be glad that I, Chris, vas proud mit you, an' I vill show you vat my feelings is by giving you the present of somedings for you to wear on yourself. Take dis order on mine own tailor an' go an' dress up yourself.'

"Chris' order on the tailor read something like this:

"'Give to Arlie der t'ings vat he buys, an' send to me der bill.'

"Latham didn't do a thing on the strength of that order but replenish his wardrobe. For three days in succession he showed up at the ball park in a fine makeup, and every suit of clothes was brand new. On the fourth day Chris got a bill from the clothing people for $100. Naturally he sent for Latham and demanded an explanation.

"'Why, Chris, old pal,' said 'Lath,' 'there's nothing to explain. Didn't you agree in that order you gave me to pay for what I bought, and haven't I just begun to buy? Why, old pal, I have only got three suits and expect to be measured for another this afternoon. What's wrong?'

"'Arlie,' replied Von der Ahe, 'you vas de one infernal dude in de pizness, I vill dis bill pay, but you vill yourself go to der tailor an' mit him explain vot I dink of der impudence of you yourself. You vill also stop mit de clothes you now have on an' do no more mit such foolishness mit der man vot pays your salary. Arlie, you vas one dude, an' if you play mit any errors dis afternoon I vill myself fine you all der bootiful clothes you have yourself bought.'

"From that day Latham became known to the baseball world as 'the dude.'"

A Curious Structure.

On the road from Clifton downs to Avonmouth the traveler will pass, in the Avon gorge, a curious structure to which a singular tradition is attached, relates the London Tatler. The story is that a person named Cook about a century ago was told by a gypsy in the Leigh woods that his only son would be killed by a serpent before he reached the age of twenty-one. To avert this he built a high tower and shut his son in the topmost room with the intention of secluding him there until the fatal age was passed. However, by accident a viper was taken up in a fagot to the room to light the fire, and it crept from the fagot and bit the boy so that he died. Therefore the tower was called Cook's Folly, and that is its name to this day, whatever is the true explanation.

An Ignoble Use.

Washington Irving in "Crayon Papers" says: "I was once at an evening entertainment given by the Duke of Wellington at Apsley House to William IV. The duke had manifested his admiration of his great adversary, Napoleon, by having portraits of him in different parts of the house. At the bottom of the grand staircase stood the colossal statue of the emperor by Canova. It was of marble in the antique style, with one arm partly extended, holding a figure of Victory. Over this arm the ladies in tripping upstairs to the ball had thrown their shawls. It was a singular office for the statue of Napoleon to perform in the mansion of the Duke of Wellington!

Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay, etc.

The Elder That Swore.

An elder of the kirk, having found a little boy and his sister playing marbles on Sunday, put his reproof in this form, not a judicious one for a child: "Boy, do you know where chfldren go who play marbles on Sabbath day?"

"Ay," said the boy. "They gang doun to the field by the water belaw the brig."

"No," roared out the elder; "they go to hell and are burned."

The little fellow, really shocked, called to his sister: "Come awa', Jeanie. Here's a man swearing awfully."—"Reminiscences of Dean Ramsay."

Hats as Aids to Matrimony.

"The wise woman is as careful about the choice of a hat as she is about the choice of a husband." The celebrated author who uttered this dictum may have exaggerated a little, but not much. And allow me, a woman, to tell you solemn men whom I see sneering at the "frivolity" of my sex that often the cleverest among you chooses a wife for no better reason than that the woman thus selected has herself chosen a becoming hat!—Mme. C. De Broutelles in Grand Magazine.

Seeking Relief.

Darky (boarding a train)—I heard 'bout youh wife dyin', Jim. Whar yo' gwine now?

"I's off to join de Mormons. Hit keeps one woman hustlin' too much to support a heavy eatah lak me."—Life.

To speak or write Nature did not peremptorily order thee; but to work, she did.—Carlyle.

LEE AT APPOMATTOX.

One of the Most Notable Scenes In the History of the War—The Parting of Comrades.

Men who saw the defeated general when he came forth from the chamber where he had signed the articles of capitulation say that he paused a moment as his eyes rested once more on the Virginia hills, smote his hands together as though in some excess of inward agony, then mounted his gray horse, Traveler, and rode calmly away.

If that was the very Gethsemane of his trials, yet he must have had then one moment of supreme, if chastened, joy. As he rode quietly down the lane leading from the scene of capitulation he passed into view of his men—of such as remained of them. The news of the surrender had got abroad, and they were waiting, grief stricken and dejected, upon the hillsides when they caught sight of their old commander on the gray horse. Then occurred one of the most notable scenes in the history of the war. In an instant they were about him, bareheaded, with tear wet faces, thronging him, kissing his hand, his boots, his saddle; weeping, cheering him amid their tears, shouting his name to the very skies. He said: "Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done my best for you. My heart is too full to say more."—From "Robert E. Lee, the Southerner."

ERROR MEANT DEATH.

Typesetters and Proofreaders on Chinese Paper Careful.

China, with all its vast population, boasts not quite two dozen daily papers, but among them are the two oldest papers in the world. The Kin Pan used to be considered by Europeans the oldest paper, but it has been issued a mere thousand years. The Tsing Pao, or Pekin News, was first published 580 years before the Norman conquest and has been issued without intermission for nearly 1,400 years. The Tsing Pao has the appearance of a yellow backed magazine of twenty-four octavo pages, each page containing seven columns, consisting of seven "characters."

Two editions are published—an edition de luxe for the court and the upper classes at a cost of 24 cents a month, and an edition inferior in paper and printing, costing 16 cents a month. It has a circulation of about 10,000 and is really the principal paper of China, chronicling the movements of the emperor and of the court and printing the ministerial reports. It is probably the most exact newspaper in the world. The punishment for an error in printing was until recently, at least, instant death.—New York Times.

Old London Cookshops.

Mediaeval London, besides being a "city of taverns," was famous for its cookshops, such as the place on the river bank described by Fitzstephen in the thirteenth century: "There every day ye may call for any dish of meat, roast, fried or sodden, fish both small and great, venison and fowl. If friends come upon a sudden wearied with travel to a citizen's house and they be loath to wait for curious preparations and dressings of fresh meat let the servant run to the water side, where all things that can be desired are at hand." This particular place of public cookery apparently did an indoor as well as an outdoor trade, for Fitzstephen further described it as being used both day and night by "multitudes of soldiers or other strangers who refresh themselves to their content on roast goose, the fowl of Africa and the rare gadwit of Ionia." But what were the two last mentioned viands?—London Chronicle.

Sickroom Mirrors.

"Only a hand mirror should find place in a sickroom," said a doctor, "and it should be one flattering to the patient—the kind, for instance, which if the face is too broad will lengthen it a little. And the patient should only be allowed to look in the mirror at propitious times. Many a patient has been frightened literally to death by his haggard reflection—has looked, sighed and renounced hope. But many another patient in a really bad way—really desperate, too—being given a look at himself just after he has taken a stimulant has bucked up wonderfully. In fact, a sickroom mirror wisely handled is a curative agent, while recklessly handled it may kill."

His Usual Way.

The new waitress sidled up to a dapper young man at the breakfast table, who, after glancing at the bill, opened his mouth, and a noise issued forth that sounded like the ripping off of all of the cogs on one of the wheels in the power house. The new waitress made her escape to the kitchen. "Fellow out there insulted me," she said. The head waiter looked at him. "I'll get it," he said. "That's just the train caller ordering his breakfast."—Argonaut.

Improved.

"How do you like your alarm clock?" asked the jeweler.

"First rate."

"You didn't seem pleased with it at first."

"No, but it's broken now."—Tit-Bits.

Warm.

"The spirit of your husband wishes to speak with you, madam."

"What does he say?"

"He says that he doesn't have to dress in a cold room."—Bohemian.

Crushed Again.

Mrs. Denham—Do you think that I shall be a good looking old woman? Denham—I don't know why you should expect any such radical change.—New York Press.

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CHINA'S GRAND CANAL.

At Times It Holds Water Enough to Float Boats, but Usually They Are Dragged Over Mud Banks.

Of some of the crude and outgrown methods used on China's Grand canal a writer in the North China Daily News remarks: "The junction of the real canal with the Wei river was not by means of a lock, but simply a high and steeply sloping mud bank, over which the grain vessels had to be dragged by the force of perhaps many hundreds of men. It should be borne in mind that in China the lock of a canal is not much more like our idea of what that name connotes than it is like a padlock. Amid constant and often serious changes of level, with an uncertain and not infrequently a scanty supply of water, and with a grain fleet which traveled in blocks of some eighty vessels under one officer, it was necessary to devise some way for keeping them together and for transferring them as a consolidated unit with this in view.

"For this reason a Chinese lock on the Grand canal is nothing but a stone gateway into which large boards may be lowered through a groove in the stones, restraining most of the water from its flow, until there is a depth sufficient to float all the craft, when the boards are pulled up and the entire fleet passes through.

"After this the boards are again lowered for another division of the grain boats. In case the water gives out—a by no means unlikely occurrence—there is nothing to do but to wait until more comes from somewhere."

Crumpets.

Take one quart of dough from the bread in the early morning, break three eggs, separating whites from yolks, whip both to a light froth, mix into the dough and gradually add lukewarm water till the consistency of griddle cakes. Beat well and let rise till breakfast time, then have the griddle hot and well greased, pour on the batter in small cakes and bake brown

WORTH ADVERTISING FOR

There are 5,499 Negroes employed here in Washington by the Government alone, and these 5,499 Negroes draw salaries aggregating $3,044,404. These more than three millions of dollars are spent right here in Washington, but scattered among the hundreds of tradesmen. Is this amount of money worth bidding for? It certainly is, and not even the largest stores in this city would refuse to get the big end of it did they but realize how much money the Negroes are really spending.

Now The Bee is the only Negro publication in this city. It stands without a rival or competitor, and covers the field like a a few of the merchants in this city will patronize the advertising columns of The Bee, presenting the attractive bargains they may have, these Negroes — these 5,499 Negroes who draw annually from the Government over three millions of dollars — will assume that by patronizing a publication edited and operated by one of their race that such firms desire and deserve their patronage. And such firms will receive the bulk of these over three millions of dollars received and spent by the Negroes of Washington.

What clothing stores, what furniture stores, what dry goods stores and what other lines of business will now make an effort to divert to themselves these over three millions of dollars spent by Washington Negroes by advertising in The Bee?

Place your advertising in The Bee and watch these 5,499 appreciative Negroes spend their over three millions of dollars with you.

Now is the time to advertise in The Bee, the newspaper that goes into every Negro home in Washington. Remember, merchants of Washington, it's what advertising pays you, not what it costs.

MORE MONEY— RACE PROGRESS.

If colored people groom themselves daintly, destroy perspiration odors, remove grease shine from the face, and use our new discoveries for improving the skin and dressing the hair, they will be better received in the business world, make more money, and advance faster.

The Chemical Wonder Company of New York is the best business friend colored people have. It improves their bodies as Dr. Booker Washington improves their minds. That Company manufacturers nine Chemical Wonders, which will make colored people as attractive as individual peculiarities will permit. Colored men in New York who use these Wonders hold better situations in banks, clubs and business houses, and women have better positions, marry better, get along better.

(1,) Complexion WonderCream will light up any colored face (black or brown) every time it is used. To prove this on one trial, we send demonstration sample for 10 cents. Regular jar, 50 cents postpaid.

(2) Magneto-Metallic Comb, called Wonder Comb. Can be heated before using, to help straighten and dress the hair. Costs 50 cents, and will last a lifetime.

(3) Wonder Uncurl. When this pomade dressing is in the hair the kinks can be uncurled and the hair becomes flexible. When heated into the scalp and through the hair with a Wonder Comb, any stiff, knotty hair will dress well. 50 cents postpaid.

(4) Wonder Hair Grow fertilizes the scalp and makes hair grow long, just as fertilizers in the soil make cornstalks grow. 50 cents postpaid.

(5) Odor Wonder Powder instantly destroys perspiration odor. People who neglect such chemical cleansing are obnoxious. 50 cents postpaid.

(6) Odor Wonder Liquid. This fine toilet water surrounds the body with delicate perfume. When used with used with Odor Wonder Powder the conditions of the body become perfect. If you can spare 50 cents extra, order this luxury. 50 cents postpaid.

(7) Wonder Foot Powder keeps the feet dainty. 50 cents, postpaid.

(8) Wonder Wash. A shampoo to clean from dandruff and insure the health of the hair and scalp. 50 cents postpaid.

(9) Shell Pink Creme will give light brown girls beautiful pink cheeks without made-up appearance. 50 cents postpaid.

We guarantee all these Wonders as represented.

We give advice free about hair, skin and scalp.

Will send book an attractiveness free.

We will prove we are true business friends of colored people.

We require one agent for every locality and guarantee you against loss. Only $2 capital required.

Always write to M. B. Berger & Co., 2 Rector Street, New York. We market all the Chemical Wonder Company preparations.

Richardson's Pure Drug Store

316 4½ Street, S. W.

Just received a large assignment of fresh drugs and a large collection of very fine toilet preparations, Easter goods, and many useful articles, just the thing you desire for Easter offering.

Richardson's Old Reliable Pure Drug Store,
316 4½ Street, S. W.
and 14th and R Streets, N. W.

The commission in charge of the Illinois Hall of Fame, at Champaign, has decided that the late Philip D. Armour is entitled to recognition, owing to his services in promoting the livestock industry in the United States.

Cardinal Logue, the prelate of Ireland, who is in Durham, N. C., to attend the consecration service of St. Patrick's Cathedral, said: "The colored people should have been educated first, then gradually emancipated. It was a mistake to set them free, untutored and helpless.

There are many colored families who are living in crowded houses on small plots of land in towns or cities who want real freedom and real opportunity for themselves and for their children. It is very difficult to rear children in a crowded town or city. The place to rear children is in the country.

In Macon County, Alabama, the colored people have a rare and exceptional opportunity. This is the county in which The Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute is located. There is plenty of good land for sale on easy terms. There is a good schoolhouse, and the school term lasting from seven to eight months in every part of the county. The white people in Macon County are of the very best class. There is no disorder or racial trouble. We advise colored people who are now living in crowded towns or cities, in the North or in the South, and especially those who have children to raise to come to Macon County and buy a home where they can get plenty of land to cultivate and rear their families in the county free from the temptations of the cities and towns.

For further information write or see:

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JIM CROW vs. RESPECTABILITY.

It is strange, and very strange, that the colored people in this city would rather go to the Academy of Music, where they are compelled to go to the pea-nut gallery, than to go to the Howard and other theaters where they are placed upon social equality. Is this class of "Jim Crow" colored people crazy? The Bee has been informed that these "Jim Crow" colored people would rather pay one dollar for a seat in the pea-nut gallery at the Academy, while the white people only pay 50 cents for orchestra chairs, when Old Kentucky comes to town. The Bee firmly believes that these selfsame "Jim Crow" colored people would boycott Old Kentucky, at the Howard Theater, where they would be permitted to go and enjoy a first-class seat, than to give up their seats in the pea-nut gallery. The manager of the Howard Theater and Mr. J. Lubrie Hill, who has full charge of the stock company, are doing everything in their power to cater to the wishes of the people. They ask the question, the cause of their apparent non-appreciation. If this opportunity slips, the colored people in this city need never again expect any consideration from the white people. The colored citizens of this city are refused admission to all first-class theaters. The Academy of Music will permit them to separate seats, otherwise "Jim Crow" seats in the gallery, and they seem to be perfectly satisfied. There are some colored people in this city who are never happy unless they are behind the coat-tail of some white person, where they are not wanted. They don't seem to care how badly they are treated. The worse they are treated the better they love their oppressors. They don't seem to like or appreciate their own people. They would rather be in the same building with poor white trash than to be in a decent and respectable theater of their own and among their own. The real respectable white man or woman don't object being where colored people are. It is a certain class, and no doubt that these "Jim Crow" colored people are the ones they are endeavoring to shun.

What is the cause, Mr. Hill wants to know. What can be done, Mr. Smith would be pleased to know. If these gentlemen knew the causes they would endeavor to remedy them. Every effort is being made by the management of the Howard Theater to accommodate the people in this city. The colored people have been lifted from the gutter and placed in a place of respectability. How much have the efforts of those gentlemen been appreciated? What encouragement is there for those who attempt to elevate the down trodden? The colored people in this city should hold up the hands of the Howard managers.

What is the cause?

What have they done?

THE WHITE SOUTH.

The sentiment of the Southern press on the tour of Dr. Booker T. Washington through North Carolina fully demonstrates what the Southern people think of him. The doctrine that he is preaching is such that will tend to change the feeling of the Southern people towards the colored people. Dr. Washington is doing something for the uplift of his people. Indeed, we find him to be a man who doesn't attempt to take anything from his people, but, if anything, he gives to them. Men who are doing something very seldom get the credit of being benefactors of the race. Let us hope, therefore, of seeing the South repent. Let us hope for a day when the colored Americans will be able to live in favor and happiness with his Southern neighbor. Everywhere Dr. Washington went through the State he was greeted by as many white people as he was by colored. Thousands of them shook his hand and bid him welcome. What more can be expected? Is the day breaking? Has the sun begun to shine? Let us live in hopes and pray to God that the resurrection of the South is not far off. Let the colored man South accumulate property and establish business. If this is done, race prejudice and race hatred will soon be acts of the past. These quarterly tours of Dr. Washington will tend to elevate the colored Americans, and The Bee hopes that they will be continued until the light of day.

DURHAM SURPASSED ALL.

The tour of Dr. Booker T. Washington through North Carolina last week was one of the most successful tours that have been made as yet. The Bee had particular pride in seeing that Durham, N. C., would give the Doctor the greatest reception of any other city. The Bee was not disappointed. Durham, N. C., is the home of Dr. James E. Shepard, our distinguished friend. The white and colored citizens demonstrated what they could do to entertain Dr. Washington. The introductory address of Dr. Shepard was a masterpiece of oratory, such as no other man could deliver but Dr. Shepard. The citizens of Durham, surprised the sage of Tuskegee. Never in the history of his career was such a reception tendered any one citizen. Not even did Vice President Sherman receive the ovation that was accorded to Dr. Washington. Mr. Sherman addressed 2,500 people, and Dr. Washington 4,500, and hundreds were turned away from the hall. The banquet that was held in one of the National Religious Training School halls was fit for the gods. The event will be remembered for years to come. Dr. Shepard was the toastmaster, and his introduction of Dr. Washington was the occasion of the greatest ovation that has ever been witnessed in the South. Durham surpassed all.

THE CATHOLIC PARADE.

The Catholic Church taught the other good (?) white Christians, who believe in religion only for themselves, a lesson last Sunday afternoon. There were white and colored Christians in line, but they were Catholics, however, who believe in the black boy and girl as well as they do in the white. The parade was an object lesson, no doubt, to the white Christian (?) committee that barred colored Sunday schools from parading with them last year. O, what a difference there was last Sunday. We wonder if the devil discriminates. No, we don't believe that he does. There is no discrimination in the hereafter. We congratulate the Catholic Church on its successful and non-discriminating Christian parade last Sunday. We, The Bee, has always said that there are some white people in this world who don't look upon all colored people as criminals. If we only could teach the white people that we have some good ones among us and that we do some good deeds, there would be a change in the religious and political atmosphere throughout this country.

BISHOP GRANT AND REGISTER VERNON.

Anent the discussion as to the attitude of the leaders of the A. M. E. Church and Register Vernon, The Bee is in a position to state that there is no break, and has not been. Articles appearing in different papers from time to time would indicate such; in fact, The Bee has never so thought. We are glad to say, however, that we are reliably informed that Bishop Grant and others who have been the Register's friends are his friends still, and that the Bishop and his associates were in no way responsible for the Register's not returning to Kansas to resume educational work at this time. Let us hope that the discussion may end here. This is our position in the matter.

We have always regarded the Bishops of the various colored churches as large, broad-minded men, and we know Bishop Grant to be one of the big men of the race, a friend of the Register, and one who has done the world great service.

THE CRISIS.

The Bee is in receipt of the Crisis, edited by Dr. DuBois. This paper supersedes the Moon and the Horizon. It is a well edited magazine, and the wish of The Bee is that it may succeed, notwithstanding the political upheavel in the country. The Moon has been overshadowed by the Horizon, until, at last, Dr. DuBois is confronted with a Crisis. The Bee congratulates this distinguished scholar on his new venture, and welcome it to our sanctum. There are breakers ahead, Doctor, without attacking those who are doing something. The world is large enough for you, and the burden upon colored Americans are the oppressions and discriminations of the white man who doesn't believe in equality of citizenship.

D. W. BAKER.

The defeat of B. H. Warner, Jr., is a vindication of District Attorney D.W. Baker. A man cannot ride into power and trust when he treats his fellow man unfairly. Mr. B. H. Warner, Sr., attacked Mr. Baker without a just cause. Mr. Baker has always lead the Republican party in Montgomery County, Md., long before he was U. S. Attorney, and why the fight should have been made on him that he was not properly conducting his office and refused to try men alleged to be guilty, The Bee is at a loss to know. Mr. Baker has been vindicated by the Court of Appeals and by the voters in the Sixth Maryland District.

BOARD OF EDUCATION.

Our Board of Education is giving satisfaction to the people. The people are with the board when it is being interfered with by the Engineer Commissioner. The Board of Education is serving the people without compensation and receives no credit for its gratuitous work. It is the duty of the people to stand by the board when Congress convenes, and urge that the office of the assistant superintendent of schools be abolished. A change in that office is an absolute necessity. The colored teachers, parents and children will welcome a change. It is evident that the conditions in our schools warrant a change.

HIS TRAVELS ABROAD.

There will appear in this paper six articles especially written for The Bee by Dr. Booker T. Washington of his travels and what he saw. These articles will be six in number, and those who want to take advantage of the articles should send for The Bee at once. Dr. Washington, as the world knows, is one of the smoothest writers in the world; a philosophical reasoner. Don't fail to read these articles. They will appear in no other paper. The cost of making this trip and securing the material has been considerable. Send for The Bee now.

WASHINGTON'S TOUR ABROAD.

The readers of The Bee and those who don't read The Bee should not fail to subscribe now and be in time for the remarkable tour of Dr. Booker T. Washington through Ireland, England, Scotland, France and other European countries. These letters are written exclusively for The Bee. They will not appear in any other paper. Send in your name now.

THE ODD FELLOWS.

All is serene in the Odd Fellows now. The insurgents have concluded that they are not in it. The regulars have decided to attend to the business of the organization. Now, just who will be chief justice of the Court of Odd Fellows is not a hard matter to guess. The Bee has been informed that the ub-committee of management will elect ex-Grand Master W. L. Houston.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

Send for The Bee if you want to read Dr. Booker T. Washington's trip abroad. The articles that will appear in the Outlook are not the articles that are to appear in The Bee. These articles, six or more, are written by Dr. Washington especially for The Bee. The first article will appear shortly.

MR. SLEMP ELECTED.

Hon. Bascom C. Slemp, of the Ninth Virginia District, is elected to Congress. The Bee congratulates this rising Demosthenes. Mr. Slemp made a hard fight.

THE ELECTIONS.

The elections last Tuesday ought to convince the Republican party that the Democratic party has not changed at all. Democrats have been given everything in the way of offices, and have been permitted to disfranchise colored Americans with impunity, and yet it is not happy. What does Tuesday's elections mean? They mean one or two things, to wit: that the country is dissatisfied with the administration, or an attempt was made by the enemies of ex-President Roosevelt to rebuke him. The South, that received everything with Mr. Dickinson in the Cabinet, has brought nothing to the Republicans or the present administration. The Republican party cannot hope to succeed when it throws aside human rights. The colored man South has been eliminated from politics to please the Democratic party South. What has the Republican party gained? Right here in the District of Columbia the best offices have been filled by Democrats and colored Republicans ignored because they are colored. The Bee wanted the Republican party to win. Ex-President Roosevelt was rebuked, so the wise men in the East say. What has the Republican party gained by such a rebuke? Is it presumed that Mr. Roosevelt has been retired? By no means. In 1912 the Republican National Convention will be looking for a man to lead the stray sheep out of the wilderness. What man can lead? The convention will look to Theodore Roosevelt. It is evident that the Democratic party is hard to kill. It doesn't down. It is made of material that is elastic. The more you push the more elastic it gets. The Bee was confident that B. H. Warner, Jr., would be defeated. The Bee was aware of the feeling throughout the District against him. The friends of ex-Congressman Pierre and ex-United States Attorney D. W. Baker gave Mr. Warner the rebuke that he deserves. The Bee has no tears to shed. The voters in the Sixth Maryland District knew how Mr. Baker was treated by the father of young Warner. How ex-Congressman Pierre was treated last year by the Warners. The Bee hopes that both are wiser men now. The elections did not surprise The Bee. Men in public office ought to know that it pays to be true to their fellow man. Now let's go to work.

CAPT. OYSTER.

There is no man in this city any more deserving of public recognition than Captain James F. Oyster. It is rumored that he is spoken of as the coming president of the Board of Trade. The Bee, as well as the people, would prefer to see him the successor of Commissioner Johnson.

A WORTHY SCHEME.

Shiloh Baptist Church has inaugurated a good business scheme to interest the race in business, which The Bee deems a worthy object. The first meeting will be held Friday night, November 11. Everybody should attend.

How did you like it, "I told you so."

It is not well to speak all you know, but what do you think of New York and other States?

Mr. Warner, of the Sixth Maryland District, is a wiser man now. He knows how to run a campaign.

Corporation Counsel Thomas wants the good will of the colored people. The Bee has always found him to be a man of the highest type of manhood.

Candidates for delegates to the next Republican convention will be seen soon.

Mr. Sidney Bieber, National Committeeman for the District of Columbia, will be appointed to a big position in a few days. President Taft is satisfied that he deserves recognition.

There is a feeling of unrest among the students of Howard University. What is the cause?

Dr. Booker T. Washington will make one of his master speeches in this city before the Bethel Literary on Hampton evening.

Dr. James E. Shepard, of Durham, N. C., has been donated a service hall by a rich lady in the North.

The True Reformers will come out of the mud untouched.

Editor Mitchell, who poked so much fun at the closing of the Reformers' bank, had a run on his bank to such an extent that reports state that he could not meet the demands of the depositors. Will Editor Mitchell explain?

One of our local contemporaries and a Philadelphia (Pa.) paper are having a war of words.

THE WHITE SOUTH ON DR. WASHINGTON'S TOUR.

(Durham Morning Herald.)

Booker T. Washington, who spent Monday night here under the auspices of the Durham Negro Business Men's League, left Tuesday morning, after having addressed the students of the National Religious Training School and Chautauqua.

The educator appeared in Avery auditorium and a number of white people attended. One of them expressed himself after this order: "I wish we could keep that fellow here awhile. They call what he says 'good advice to his race,' but it is good for any race. I have seldom heard anything so good from anybody and it doesn't appear to have been mere talk."

Booker T. Washington's Address.

(The Durham Sun.)

Booker T. Washington spoke in this city last night at St. Joseph's Church to a crowd that completely filled—no, packed—the building. There was a goodly number of white people who went out to hear this noted Negro educator, and for these a section of the church had been reserved.

There is one portion of Booker T. Washington's address at St. Joseph's Church last night that the Sun wishes to call special attention to, that is:

"Both races of the South suffer at the hands of public opinion in one respect, and that is by reason of the fact that the outside world hears of our difficulties; hears of our crimes, hears of mobs and lynchings, but the outside world does not hear of, neither does it know about, the evidence of racial friendship and good will which exists in the majority of communities in North Carolina and other Southern States where blacks and whites live together."

And in that one sentence Booker Washington has uttered a truth that should be taken heed of.

The editor of this newspaper has long tried, in his small way, to eliminate the criminal side of the Negro news published in newspapers with which he has been connected. He has done some little good along this line—not as much as he would have wished to have done, but some good at least. The newspapers of the South have for years been giving column after column of space to Negro criminal items that should never have been published at all; they have educated a taste among their readers for this sort of thing that has become as much a habit as has the drinking of whiskey or the use of tobacco, and when a habit is once formed it is a hard proposition to overcome it.

There has been too much attention paid to recorders, aldermanic and police courts, especially so in Negro cases; the people of other sections of the country have come to believe that there is no good whatever in the Negro because the Northern and Western editor reading his Southern exchanges sees little but criminal Negro news in those exchanges. The South has been hurt through this sort of newspaper making. It will take a long time to completely overcome the harm already done, but it can be overcome.

So far as the Durham Sun is concerned, those readers seeking for salacious morsels of intellectual food may look elsewhere; they won't find it in the Durham Sun. We shall in future, as we have in the past, print the best of what Negro news comes to our table, but we don't want and won't use the low down trash that habitually floats into the newspaper sanctum.

Hampton Night.

The Hampton Institute Alumni Association, of Washington, D. C., held a meeting recently at the residence of Mr. F. D. Lee, 1704 10th street northwest, the President of the Association, who presided. Complete arrangements were made for the proposed educational mass meeting, to be held in the Metropolitan A. M. E. Church, under the auspices of the Bethel Literary and Historic Society, Friday evening, Nov. 18, 1910. Letters were read from Dr. H. B. Frissell, Principal of Hampton Institute, and Maj. R. R. Moten, Commandant of the cadets, and Dr. W. P. Thirkield, President of Howard University, stating they would be present and deliver addresses, and that they would bring with them the Hampton Jubilee Singers. Dr. Booker T. Washington has also been invited, and it is expected that he will be present. The object of this meeting is to assist in raising a scholarship fund for poor and worthy students at Hampton School, and also to help Miss Eloise Bibb in the Colored Social Settlement work of this city. Miss Bibb will also be one of the speakers at the mass meeting on Nov. 18.

Dr. Thomas Jesse Jones, Chaplain of Hampton Institute and also instructor in the theological department of Howard University, addressed the meeting and impressed upon those present the need of Christian educational work among the colored people who live in the alleys and courts of our city. The meeting was well attended.

Plain Facts.

The time has come that the colored man will be last in nothing. As a matter of fact, the colored man has all the fine senses the white man has, and when an opportunity is given him to put them all in operation, he will go down to posterity as the white mans equal.—The Bee.

Public Men And Things

(By the Sage of the Potomac.)

I fully intended last week to comment on Mr. R. R. Horner's recent interview, as published in the daily newspapers, on foot ball playing. It was a very sensible interview, and met my approbation. An old saying was that "a gun is dangerous without either lock, stock or barrel." And foot ball playing is dangerous with or without new rules. It is barely possible that too much stress is being put on athletics anyhow. One thousand or twelve hundred dollars per annum is paid physical culture or athletic teachers, and from twelve to twenty-one hundred, and more, for teachers of mental branches, yet the language, science and mathematical teachers must subordinate themselves to the athletic teacher. This is manifestly inconsistent. The leaders in thought, art and science today are men and women who had no acquaintance with those fadists—physical culture and athletic teachers in their school days.

* * *

Our people do certainly like to ape and imitate. A few years ago, because a bunch of variegated migratory sons of Ham who were able to hire a washerwoman moved into the nineteen hundred block in Eleventh street, that block was styled euphoniously and distinguishably, "Quality Row." Now since a few high colored officials have segregated in T street, that thoroughfare is being referred to as "Executive Avenue." I presume this is a fad, however, that gives solace to those worried with the prosaic in life; so let them have it.

* * *

My art education was sadly neglected in my youth, and this may account for my failure to appreciate as works of art these atrociously unbecoming hats the ladies are wearing this year. There is not one woman in a hundred who looks becoming under them. And these hobble and narrow clinging skirts the women wear, showing all the contour of their body, are so suggestive as to appear vulgar. They may do for the chorus girl whose weekly stipend is but an incident, and whose occupation on the stage is only an advertisement of her other proclivities, but for a woman or young girl who assays respectability, these skirts are inconsistent, to say the least.

* * *

Now that the elections are over, there are a lot of "I-told-you-so" bits of humanity. Dr. Vernon, who orated up in New York State, and Dancy, who spellbinded in the Keystone State and New York, and Lincoln Johnson, who flitted out into the political waters, I presume are "knowledges" of just how and why it happened. And I presume when Ralph Tyler gets back from the Buckeye State, where he went on a hurry call, he will be full of the "why it was thus." Cyrus Field Adams—we came near forgetting him—also meandered out to Illinois to vote. If Cyrus is as reclusive in his own State as he is here, it must be like just moving from one monastery to another when he returns to Chicago.

* * *

Now don't think I am getting to be a near-Roosevelt just because I express regret that Judges Mullowney and Pugh failed to select a colored man for one of the probation officers. However, it does seem that, with our people forming one-third of the population, and with four-fifths of these officers' work being among the meek and lowly and low Hamites, one of the three officers might have been a colored man. And to think that Judge Pugh, who was so solicitous for the assistance of all colored men of every degree, when he was aspiring for the judgeship, should so quickly forget one of the bridges that carried him over. I hesitate to call it ingratitude, so will simply call it injustice.

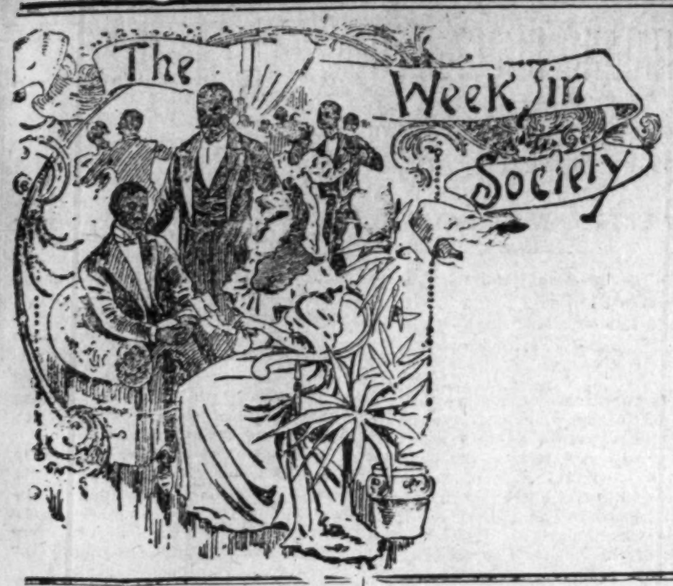
* * *

609 F street is a great rendezvous for colored men. Doctors, lawyers, teachers, pseudo newspaper writers, men with and without visible means of support, congregate there and damn, praise and criticise everybody and everything. From the number of black Blackstones that rent and rant within its four walls it has been styled the "Temple of Justice" and the "Temple Bar." It might, more appropriately and more truthfully, be called the Temple of Talk. As to justice, that particular article of diet is not always served up there with a garnish of equity. And to call it "Temple Bar" fails to incorporate some of the misnomers that habitually frequent its halls and rooms. But to style it "Temple of Talk" you get in all classes and species, and fully meet the approbation of Bob Pendleton, who domiciles there eight hours each day with a smile that is the same to all. And my friend Will Pollard, who is tasting success now with a pernicious regularity, has a "smile that won't come off" also. He and Pendleton could well pass for the Smiley twins. And Mendez King, with his sedate and mobile countenance, and studied walk, could, if he but put on the hood and robe of the cloister, easily pass for the Abby Bucone of the "Temple of Talk."

* * *

Speaking about the "Temple of Talk," it seems singular that friend Chase never located up there. But it seems he preferred to move his legal dispensary away up on Eye street, "far from the maddening crowd," and there, like Billikins, the god of luck, Chase sits and dispenses alternately, and simultaneously, at times, law and news, and makes 1109 the mecca for all who want favors and fortunes. How he finds time to run a newspaper and take care of the interests of his many legal clients is a wonder. But in that thought tank that surmounts his big frame is a "turrible lot of method," and it's a very cold day in Greenland, when Chase is not right on to his job, catching them going and coming.

READ THE BEE.



Get your drugs, medicines and toilet articles at the Board & McGuire Pharmacy 1912 1-2 14th St. N. W. "The place where everybody meets everybody else."

L'Allegro Glee Club entertained at Cafe Martin last evening in honor of its secretary, A. Mercer Daniel, who recently married. Only club members and their company were present. The evening was spent in song, dance and recitation. The ladies were much pleased with the numbers which the club sang for their entertainment. Refreshments were served. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. A. Mercer Daniel, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest R. Amos, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe C. Orme, Miss Sallie Fisher, Miss Gertrude Bailey, Miss Ellen Lee, Miss Evelyn Moss, Miss Emma Kennedy, Miss Mabel Johnson, Miss Pearl Lewis, Miss Arrington, Miss Dorothy Johnson, and Miss Lillian Wright; Messrs. Maurice Clifford, John H. Williams, James I. Minor, J. Moria Saunders, Detrick Dishman, Eugene Clark, Sevellon Savoy, James Cowan, R. Amos, John Dixon and Scott Mayo.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Berkley and daughter, of Atlantic City, N. J., who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Jordan, in Baltimore, Md., are spending the winter in this city.

Mrs. Carrie Curry and her father, Mr. Robert Harlan, of this city, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Doll, in Cincinnati, O.

Mrs. W. T. Vernon is having a very pleasant stay with friends in Philadelphia.

Miss Susie Cook is the guest of Mrs. Boardley, in Philadelphia.

Messrs. Joe and Frank Walker visited relatives in Baltimore, Md., on Sunday, October 30.

Miss Hattie Brooks has returned to her home in Philadelphia, Pa., after a pleasant visit to this city and Baltimore.

Miss May Fletcher has returned to Baltimore after spending last week in this city with relatives and in Hillsdale with friends.

J. Noble Ford, of Red Bank, N. J., is enjoying a pleasant stay in this city with relatives.

Mr. John Fleming, of this city, is visiting friends in Savannah, Ga.

Miss Mary Monroe, a graduate of the Armstrong Manual Training School, is doing well in her dressmaking and millinery establishment, Durham, N. C.

Mrs. James Maxey and son Paul, of Indianapolis, Ind., have come to this city for future residence.

Mrs. S. A. Gray, of Little Rock, Ark., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Webb at 1800 New Jersey avenue northwest.

Dr. E. A. White, of Cincinnati, Ohio, is in the city.

Mr. Willis Madden and Miss Louise Collins were recently married.

Mrs. Armistead Pride, who has been visiting friends in New York City and Newark, N. J., is now the guest of Mrs. Albert Bradford, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. S. B. Ross, the wife of Rev. Ross, B. D., of Alexandria, Va., and sister of A. W. Dangerfield, the author, was in the city last week attending the funeral of her cousin, Anthony D. Dangerfield.

Serg't E. Scott, of the Ninth Cavalry, now stationed at Wyoming, is in the city on a three months' vacation.

Race post cards and colored dolls at Gray and Gray's Drug Store, 12th and U streets northwest.

Assistant U. S. Attorney W. H. Lewis, of Boston, Mass., passed through the city last Saturday for Boston.

Mr. Emmett J. Scott left the city Saturday for New York City. While here he was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. A. M. Curtis.

Mr. W. Sidney Pittman, who accompanied Dr. Booker T. Washington on his tour through North Carolina, returned to the city last Friday.

Miss N. H. Burroughs is in the West on business in connection with her school.

J. B. Loftus, a faithful member of the Police Department, left the city Saturday last for a 15 days' visit to his former home in Oxford, N. C. While there he took part in the election.

Gray and Gray's Pharmacy, 12th and U streets northwest, is recommended to those seeking a complete stock, low prices and courteous, expert service. Four registered pharmacists regularly employed.

Auditor R. W. Tyler left the city for Columbus, Ohio, last Friday.

The National Afro-Art Company announces that after Jan. 1, 1911, the busts of Frederick Douglass, Bishop Allen, founder of the A. M. E. Church, and Booker T. Washington, by Isaac Hathaway, the sculptor, will be retailed for $1.50, instead of $1, as at present. Order now before the price is raised, and you will have ready a rare and appreciative Christmas present. Address National Afro-Art Co., 1912½ 14th street, Washington, D. C.

WANTED—At the Howard Theater, several pretty lady dancers and singers.

Prof. Kelly Miller would make a good superintendent of public schools.

After the 5 and 10 cent theatre, between the acts, and at all hours, ice cream soda is now all the rage, especially that snappy, cold, pure, delicious kind that is served at the drug store of Board & &McGuire, 1912 1-2 14th St. N. W. It is made right, served right, tastes right, and is right.

To-morrow evening, and each Sunday evening thereafter during the present season, services will be held in St. Luke's P. E. Church at 6 o'clock instead of 8 o'clock, as heretofore. Excellent and churchly music is promised by the director, Mr. Scott Mayo. An hour spent at these services will no doubt prove most helpful and edifying.

Mr. Neville Thomas, of the M Street High School, will address the Men's Club of St. Luke's Parish the second Monday in November, the 14th inst., in the Parish Hall, 15th and Church streets northwest. This talented gentleman will talk on his recent trip to Europe. No admission fee is charged, and the public will be cordially welcomed and most royally entertained.

Miss Janey Patterson, of 1532 15th street northwest, is still confined to her residence under the constant care of a physician.

For reliable prescription work, go to Gray and Gray's Drug Store, 12th and U streets northwest, and have the protection of four registered pharmacists and free delivery service to all parts of the city.

Miss Mary Mitchell, who has been ill for some time, is fast recovering and will soon be out again, greatly to the gratification of her many friends.

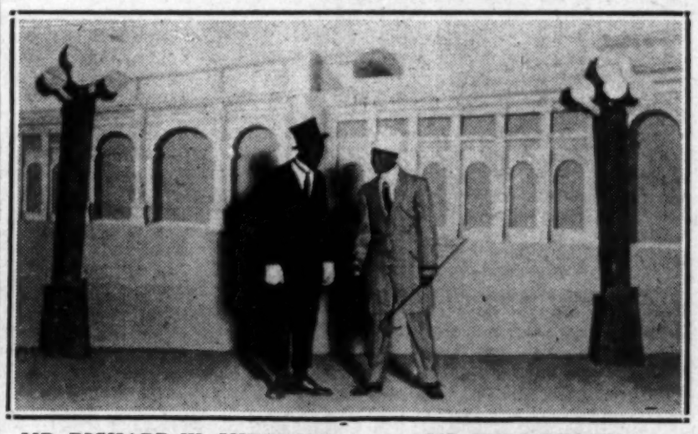
Mrs. Mary McGuinn, accompanied by her three sons, Leon, Percy and Bernard, left the city Monday morning for Chicago, Ill., to join Mr. McGuinn, the husband of Mrs. McGuinn and father of her children, who has started a business there. Mr. McGuinn is doing well at his new home.

AT HOWARD.

OPENING WEEK FOR THE MINSTRELS.

Manager Smith, of Howard, gave the colored society of Washington a new bill Monday night which will continue all this week. He gave some new talent Monday and new costumes. Mr. J. Lubrie Hill, formerly conducted Mr. Lew W. Henry's new laughable afterpiece, entitled "Aunt Jamimie's Reception," in which Mr. Henry assumes the role of Aunt Jamimie. Both he and Mr. Hill are finished artists. The opening was a minstrel aggregation in which the entire company participated. Bones are Messrs. Minor, Ray and Howard; Tamborines are Messrs. Woody, Murry and Gibson. They are very clever. The circle of classic singers are Miss Hudlin, Miss Richard, Miss Sesco, Miss Ezel, Miss Carter, Miss Johnson, Miss Turner, Miss Akers, Miss Harris, Miss Gideon, Miss Jacobs and Miss Watts; Messrs. Green, Carr, Kelly, Govern, Hutchinson and Older. While seated in a semi-circle position, the opening chorus, entitled "Dear Washington," was rendered by the entire company. Miss Virgie Richards assumed the role of chorus interlocutor. She is a very graceful dancer and a sweet singer. The second edition interlocutor was Miss Mamie Butler, no doubt one of the best actresses in the show. Miss Butler assumes her character in a matter-of-fact manner. She is natural and her voice is sweet and strong. Her spangle outfit is very becoming to her, and her singing never fails to catch the audience. Miss Butler was formely connected with Williams & Walker's show. The second edition introduced Messrs. Mitchell and Brown, with that very sweet and polished little actress, Miss Evon Robinson as their private interlocutor. Miss Robinson is one of the leading ladies to Mr. Hill, and is no doubt one of the sweetest singers and one of the most graceful actresses in the company. She is shown to a good advantage in her costume this week. Mr. Mitchell never fails to make a hit. He will be remembered in Williams & Walker's show. Not only is he a sweet singer, but in course of time he will become a good actor. Mr. Brown, in this number, makes a decided change from the sporting gentleman from Dixie to Bones. This trio is soon succeeded by the third edition, Messrs. Shelton and Hill and Miss Leona Marshall, three of the principal stars. Miss Marshall is their special interlocutor, a departure from the old style minstrelly. She never fails to elicit applause. Her smile, acting and dress all tend to make her queen of the stage. Mr. Shelton and Mr. Hill in their stunts are makers of fun. In the stunts in which Messrs. Brown and Shelton appear, bring forth enthusiastic applause, and so pleasing was their acting to the audience they were recalled several times. The musical numbers rendered between the two editions were as follows: "Play the Barber Shop Chord," by Mr. Charles Woody. Mr. Woody is a good singer and does well. "Suwanee River," by Miss Frances Johnson. She is not only a clever little actress, but she is a sweet singer. She is young, and as she grows older she will improve. "If He Comes In, I'm Goin' Out," by Tony Ray. Mr. Ray is a good fun maker. "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland" was beautifully rendered by Mr. Hutchinson. He is no doubt one of the sweetest singers upon the American stage. He was recalled after the first rendition of this beautiful song. His voice is musical, soft and sweet. "Come Down and Kiss Me, Stella," by Mr. Louis Mitchell. This young artist assumed the character of an old man in Dixie Land, and it is quite evident that he is an important auxiliary to the show. The musical numbers were concluded with a female quartet, "When the Heart is Sad," Miss Mamie Butler and others. The singing was loudly applauded. Miss Hattie Akers recited several renditions from Dunbar. With a little more practice Miss Akers will become a fine elocutionist. She is quite young. Mr. Minor is a Washingtonian and an up-to-date artist. He is not only a dancer and singer, but he is an actor. He is a live monologue artist. His play on the business center of Washington kept the house in a continuous roar of laughter. His special character in Aunt Jamimie's Reception deserves special mention.

Aunt Jamimie's Reception concluded the performance. Mr. J. Lubrie Hill certainly shows up to an advantage in Aunt Jamimie's Reception. He assumes the character of bully and breaks up the reception. Aunt Jamimie, Mr. Lew Henry, the author of the play, is asked by the invited guests if a certain character will be at the reception, and she assures her guests that he will not. However, Aunt Jamimie threatens to put her son on the bully, as well as the officers of the law, and if they can't handle him she would do so herself. In the midst of the frolic the bully makes his appearance and shoots up the town and puts them all to flight. Mr. Shelton, Aunt Jamimie's son, as well as Aunt Jamimie, become as frightened as the other guests, and flee for their lives. It is a very clever little act, which causes much merriment and laughter. Don't fail to see it.



MR. RICHARD W. SHELTON. The Rival of Bert Williams, One of Howard's Great Comedians.

MR. WILL BROWN. The Successor of the Great George Walker, at the Howard Theater.

Brown and Shelton.

True, as Shakespeare says, this world is a stage and men are but players; they make their exit and entrances. One by one, the colored American actors are passing from the stage of action, and, one by one, others take their places. The above pictures represent Richard W. Shelton and William Brown. Mr. Shelton's first appearance upon the stage was in his "My Friend from Dixie." He is the new partner of Mr. William Brown. Both men are making a great hit at the Howard Theater. Both are young men, and it will not be very long before they rival the best comedians upon the American stage. Mr. Brown will no doubt surpass Mr. George Walker, even when Mr. Walker was in his bloom. Mr. Shelton is on the order of Mr. Bert Williams or Mr. Avery, of Avery and Heart.

If the citizens of Washington want to see two refined comedians, they should not fail to go to the Howard. Their dancing, singing and acting are refined as well as laughable.

True Reformers' Hall.

The famous Juvenile Troubadores at True Reformers' Hall Friday evening, Nov. 25. Don't fail to see Our Navy. The Lyric Orchestra will furnish the music. The entertainment is under the personal direction of Mr. L. Ellsworth Toomey. Secure your tickets now.

Mr. Joseph H. Jones is up and out again to the gratification of his friends.

Miss Effie Middleton, who was taken suddenly ill two weeks ago, has recovered.

Mrs. F. M. Mitchell has been ill at her home for some time.

Don't fail to read Dr. Booker T. Washington's tour of Europe. It will appear in The Bee.

The Howard Theater.

Have you been to the Howard Theater yet? You should go without fail. Call for the genial Mr. Smith and tell him how you like the show.

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THE KEY OF TEBALDO

Curious Messenger of Death Invented by an Italian.

TRAGIC LEGEND OF VENICE.

Unique Weapon With Which the Man of Mystery and Murder Sought to Slay His Way to the Hand of the Woman He Loved.

The chronicles of Venice tell that in the earlier part of the seventeenth century a certain stranger, a man of dark and sinister aspect, arrived in the city. His name was Tebaldo. He appears to have been a man of unruly passions, of great intellectual power, but one whose talents found their chief outlet in crime.

One day he observed a beautiful girl leaving church, attended in a manner which showed she belonged to a family of high degree. She was, in fact, the daughter of an ancient and noble house. He fell violently in love with her. Though far removed from him in station, his blind passion took no count of this fact, and he determined to sue for her hand.

There proved to be, however, a more insuperable obstacle to his suit. The girl was already betrothed to another, a young nobleman of almost equal rank and fortune. The knowledge did not deter Tebaldo, who boldly presented himself before the girl's parents in the capacity of a suitor for her hand. As might have been expected, he met with a curt and unceremonious rebuff.

The repulse rankled in his mind. Enraged beyond measure, he shut himself up in his own house and there secretly studied a means of revenge. Profoundly skilled in the mechanical arts, he allowed himself no rest until he had invented a most formidable and death dealing weapon. This was a large key, the handle of which was so constructed that it could be turned at will. When it was thus turned a secret spring was disclosed, which, on being pressed, launched from the key head a fine needle or lancet. The latter was of such delicate construction that it penetrated the body of the victim and buried itself deep in the flesh without leaving any external trace.

The marriage of the betrothed couple was fixed to take place in the principal church in Venice on a certain day. Before the ceremony Tebaldo, cunningly disguised, stationed himself at the church door armed with his diabolical weapon. As the bridegroom was about to enter the building the concealed watcher pressed the spring and sent the deadly steel lancet into the breast of his victim. The young nobleman had no suspicion of injury at the moment. In the midst of the ceremony, however, he was seized with a sharp spasm of pain and sank fainting on the steps of the altar. He was hurriedly conveyed to his home, where the leading Venice physicians were summoned to attend him. In spite of their unremitting efforts he sank and died, nor were they able to discover the nature of the mysterious and fatal seizure.

With the removal of his rival, Tebaldo once more presented himself before the girl's parents and renewed his request for her hand. Their refusal to listen to him sealed their doom. In what manner he accomplished it is not known, but within a few days both had been done to death in the same sudden and mysterious fashion.

The exalted rank of the victims created a profound sensation, and when, on examination of the bodies, a fine steel instrument was found in the flesh terror became universal. The citizens feared for their lives. The utmost vigilance was exercised on the part of the authorities, but as yet no suspicion fell upon Tebaldo.

The bereaved girl retired to a convent, where she passed the first months of mourning in sorrowful seclusion. Tebaldo, however, sought her out in her retreat and begged to speak to her through the grating.

His dark, evil face had always been displeasing to her, but since the death of her betrothed and parents it had become repulsive. When, therefore, in the course of the interview he pressed her to fly with him he met with an instant and indignant refusal. Her scorn stung him to the quick. Beside himself with rage, he brought his deadly weapon once more into play and succeeded in wounding the girl through the grating, the obscurity of the place preventing his action from being observed.

On her return to her room the girl felt a sharp pain in her breast. Examination of the spot showed that it was dotted with a single drop of blood. Physicians were hastily summoned. Taught by past experience, they wasted no time in vain conjecture, but cut into the flesh and extracted the slender steel, thus saving the girl's life.

The dastardly attempt occasioned a public outcry. The visit of Tebaldo to the convent became known and caused suspicion to turn upon him. The emissaries of the law descended suddenly upon him, his house was searched, and there the abominable invention was discovered. Swift justice followed, and he ended his days upon the scaffold.

The key is still preserved in the arsenal at Venice.—Chambers' Journal.

Lovers' Quarrels.

Nell—A lovers' quarrel always reminds me of a crazy quilt. Belle—How's that? Nell—Always patched up.—Philadelphia Record.

Fortune is ever seen accompanying industry.—Goldsmith.

WOMEN ARE WOMEN.

A Rather Roundabout Way to Prove the Proposition—But Does This Prove It?

Men say women are angels; women say women are cats. Let us pause a moment and reason upon this thing.

If women are angels—however, that does not seem to be the proper starting point. Let us try again.

If angels are cats—but, no; that is hardly reasonable, for angels have wings, and cats do not fly. We must begin again.

If women are cats—but that isn't possible, for cats do not talk, and how could a dumb animal express an opinion in words of a woman? Whatever cats may think, they never say a word about a woman, while women—well, women are not cats.

Now let us return to the first proposition.

If women are angels, they wouldn't say women are cats. Angels don't talk that way.

Once upon a time a man married a woman. He said she was an angel; the women said she was a cat. Happy man, not to know the difference between an angel and a cat!

Men say women are angels, and by this token women say angels are cats. Therefore, angels being cats, cats must be angels, and, both being the same, women are women.

Which is precisely what they are.—W. J. Lampton in Lippincott's.

NEW MEXICO.

How That Portion of Northern New Spain Got Its Name.

The country now called Mexico was not so called till 1810, when the revolt against Spain began. Up to independence the country was called New Spain and was divided into the same number of provinces as Spain, each with a name of a province in Spain, with the prefix of "new," but New Mexico was not included in this division. It got its name in this way:

In 1561 Francisco Ibarra was in charge of an expedition of exploration into what is now northern Durango and southern Chihuahua and discovered an Indian village near where Santa Barbara now stands in which the houses were whitewashed and the people made and wore cotton cloth, raising the cotton in the neighborhood. He wrote an account of his discovery to his brother in the City of Mexico, telling him he had discovered "una nueva Mexico," a new Mexico, another Mexico, meaning that he had found another town like the City of Mexico, and thereafter all this portion of northern New Spain was known as "Nueva Mexico"—that is, New Mexico—which name it has retained, though now much reduced in extent.—Las Vegas Optic.

Muskrats For Meat.

Of all animals that supply meat to man the muskrat has been the most abused and the least understood, says the Baltimore Star. Its name had bred in the public mind a prejudice that has been almost unconquerable, but truth will prevail in spite of fate. As a fact the muskrat is one of the neatest and most delightful of animals. It is a crank in cleanliness. It dines with the care of an epicure. It eats only the whitest and tenderest morsels. And its flesh has qualities that can be compared only to terrapin. Indeed, there are good people along the Chesapeake, where all the best things live and grow, who find in the well served muskrat satisfaction that is equal to the diamondback. Only the ignorant and the prejudiced think differently, and they may be educated.

Ripening Bananas.

It is a familiar fact that bananas are imported green, but it came as a new thing to a visitor to the banana district in Colombia to find that bananas are not permitted to ripen on the plant even down there. They are cut and set to hang somewhere until they wither ripe, as the phrase is. Bananas do not have to be yellow to be ripe. That is only the color of the skin when it has dried up. To the person who is accustomed to eating bananas only when they are yellow it seems odd to peel them when they are green and find that they are perfectly ripe within and fit to eat.—New York Sun.

The Prisoner's Retort.

It is a prison chaplain's duty to give a departing prisoner good advice and to exhort him to be a decent and honorable man in the future. In the course of one of these interviews a chaplain said, "Now, my friend, I hope you'll never have to come back to a place like this."

The prisoner looked at him thoughtfully and then asked, "I say, chaplain, you draw a salary here, don't you?" When the chaplain replied in the affirmative the prisoner remarked, "Well, say, if me and the other fellows didn't keep coming back you'd be out of a job."

Didn't Need a Doctor.

"Let me kiss those tears away!" he begged tenderly. She fell in his arms, and he was busy for the next few minutes. And yet the tears flowed on. "Are you suffering? Can nothing stop them?" he asked, breathlessly sad.

"No," she murmured. "It's only a cold, you know. But go on with the treatment."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Cheering Her.

Macdougal (to his new fourth wife)—The meenister doesna approve o' my marryin' again, an' sae young a wife too! But, as I tell't him, I canna be ave buryin', buryin'.—Punch.

In this world it is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich.—Beecher.

A LEGEND OF MEXICO

The Mermaid Malinche and Her Haunted Springs.

LURE OF THE WATER SPRITE.

To See This Fabled Custodian of the Royal Jewels of the Ancient Aztecs Is to Die and Help the Siren Guard the Hidden Treasures.

Malinche, or Malintze, as some of the old Mexican writers spell it, is the water sprite, the mermaid, who lives in two famous springs in Mexico that are said to be connected by natural underground waterways.

She is invisible to all except those who never return to tell the tale, yet it is easy to see her, they say.

In the daytime Malinche lives in the little spring bed pool just within the iron gates of Chapultepec. Here she is a sweet spirit, always wooing the passerby with the music of her gentle voice.

At nighttime she is miles away, and her voice is wicked and mournful. It will add interest to this legend of the Malinche if the traveler when he starts out to visit Chapultepec for the first time will pause at the Cuauhtemoc statue in the second glorieta of the Paseo and take a long look at it, not only because it is a noble work of art, but because this Indian hero was the last ruler of his race, the Aztecs, and in the final struggle called Malinche to his aid.

A bronze relief in the base of the pedestal on which the statue stands shows the chief being tortured to compel him to reveal the hiding place of the wealth of his kingdom. Cuauhtemoc's stoical bearing rebukes the complainings of his comrade, whose feet are also roasting over the slow fire in the brasero beneath them, and when he at last cries out in anguish Cuauhtemoc reproves him. "For shame, faint heart. Do you think I am taking my pleasure in my bath that you appeal to me?"

The magnificent old cypress trees that surround the rock of Chapultepec on a slightly lower level than the spring were old before the conquest, and among them Cuauhtemoc and his plumed and painted warriors guided their canoes to the enchanted spring when they came to quench their battle thirst. Protected by these brave old trees, Cuauhtemoc climbed the rocks and from the heights watched the maneuvers of his enemies on the lakes. Close by the storied spring stands the monarch of them all, Montezuma's tree. It is awe inspiring to follow with the eye its rugged bole up over the growth of centuries and try to measure with the mind the history that has been enacted beneath its waving boughs. Perhaps the magic spring at its feet caused it to grow higher and more majestic than its fellows. Here in its shade Montezuma sat and wept when he foresaw his downfall. Here Cuauhtemoc vowed that if he could not overcome the Spaniard he would give the Aztec treasure to Malinche.

She overheard him make this vow and whispered from the fringed brink of the mirroring water that she would receive the trust at the spring of Atzcapotzalco, three or four miles away. This town, whose name looks so unpronounceable to the strangers, but sounds so smooth when uttered by a Mexican, has a little suburb, Zancopinca, that has been made famous by Malinche's spring. It is here that Malinche loses the sweet nature by which she is known at Chapultepec and becomes a wicked spirit. The legend relates that she grew savage because she was set to guard the treasure that Cuauhtemoc secretly conveyed to her when the hour of despair had arrived for his people, though another tradition says that he selected that hiding place because of her wild and brave spirit.

However that may be, it was there that he carried the royal jewels of the Aztecs and much gold and silver when he knew that he was about to be defeated by Cortes. Calling up the Malinche, he gave all into her keeping and then went to his doom. Down deep into the hidden grottoes of her home Malinche dragged the hoarded treasures.

Long passageways connect these chambers and by many tortuous windings reach either spring. The walls of rock crystal and chalcedony have been polished and worn into fantastic shapes by the running water. There are long, narrow shelves on which the treasure is strewn and glittering stalactites that catch long strings of pearls and emeralds and hold them swaying in the winds of the caves.

Glowworms and electric fishes light the fairy scene, and the water makes constant music, but the Malinche is not happy. If you go near the pool at Zancopinca you will hear her voice lamenting, and often in the nighttime it may be heard afar off. If the unwary traveler pauses to listen he will hear cries of distress and anger and sad moanings that attract him to their relief. He will come nearer and nearer to the spring and, bending down that his ear may be close, he will hear troubled waters rushing among hidden rocks. When his face is above the pool a pair of white arms will rise up out of the water and clasp him about the neck. He is never seen again. He has gone to help the siren guard the treasure of Cuauhtemoc.—Mary Worral Hudson in Mexican Herald.

Nature is lavish in the production of everything but great men.—Hubbard.

HOLY GROANING.

The Sins of Worldly Pleasures in the Seventeenth Century Included Laughing and Even Smiling.

Buckle gives a graphic picture of the attitude of the kirk of Scotland to worldly pleasures during the seventeenth century. Cheerfulness, especially when it rose to laughter, was to be guarded against. Smiling might occasionally be allowed; still, being a carnal pastime, it was a sin to smile on Sunday. No husband should kiss his wife and no mother her child on the Sabbath day. Jesting was incompatible with a holy and serious life. The ministers were given much to weeping, groaning and lamentations. One, the Rev. Alexander Dunlop, was noted for his "holy groan." To engage in the frivolous art of writing poems was condemned. Men should not disport themselves with music; dancing was a "serious sin;" joyousness even at a christening was a scandal. One should speak and walk with gravity and solemnity; he should not enjoy his dinner; only the ungodly relished food. The great object of life was to be in a state of affliction. Whatever pleased the senses was to suspected. Whatever was natural was wrong. The churchmen grew sour in countenance, harsh in voice. Joy and love disappeared or were forced to hide in obscure corners.

MAN MONEY.

The Old Teutonic Law on Killing or Injuring Others.

The system of atoning for death or bodily injuries inflicted on others by paying damages is as old as the earliest Teutonic laws, praised by Tacitus. The trespasser was always required to make peace with the aggrieved family of the victim by "Wer-Geld."

"Wer" is the ancient German for man. "Geld," now, as in the days of Wotan, means money.

Damages were assessed in accordance with the rank and wealth of the injured party, and the money was paid over in the presence of the whole community, its acceptance forestalling feuds. Indeed, the recognition of Wer-Geld ("money for the man" killed) by law precluded further bloodshed or other forms of revenge.

If the slayer was not rich enough to pay the required sum, he turned over to the injured parties his sons as slaves. If his sons were not sufficient guarantee for the payment of the debt, the slayer himself had to turn bondsman, both the letter and the spirit of the law requiring that the full amount of damage inflicted be recovered by the aggrieved parties.—New York World.

Fulfilling His Agreement.

Having become tired of living in rented houses, Mr. Gwimple had bought a home of his own. Not having enough money to pay for it outright, he had made a cash payment of $1,000 and given a trust deed on the property for the remainder. One night, not long after he had taken possession of his new home, Mrs. Gwimple roused him from a deep sleep.

"Gerald," she said, "somebody is trying to get into the house!"

Mr. Gwimple crawled out of bed and started downstairs.

"What are you going to do?" she asked him.

"I'm going to let him in," he answered, half awake.

"To let him in! Who?"

"The man that holds the trust deed on this property," he mumbled. "The document I signed binds me to admit him to the premises at any hour of the day."—Youth's Companion.

Too Much For His Mind.

"My first impulses," wailed the sad eyed individual, "are invariably good. In fact, I think that I may venture without fear of undue exaggeration to say that they are very good. But I never act on them. I always act on second thoughts. This trait in my character has ruined my career, because my second thoughts are always bad. In fact, I think I may say without fear of misrepresentation that they're punk."

"Well," suggested he who was listening, "why don't you wait until third thoughts and act on them?"

Mournfully, despondently, the sad eyed individual shook his head.

"My dear sir," he groaned, "I never had three successive thoughts about anything in my life."—Exchange.

At His Own Risk.

Caller (on crutches and with a bandage over one eye)—I have come, sir, to make application for the amount due on my accident insurance policy. I fell down a long flight of stairs the other evening and sustained damages that will disable me for a month to come.

Manager of Company—Young man, I have taken the trouble to investigate your case, and I find you are not entitled to anything. It could not be called an accident. You certainly knew the young lady's father was at home.

An Old Saw Strikes a Nail.

Mr. Scrappington (musingly)—As Lincoln said, a man may fool some of the people all the time and all the people some of the time— Mrs. Scrappington (briskly)—But you can't fool me any of the time!—Puck.

Didn't Take the Bait.

Miss Anciente (insinuatingly)—I dislike my name; it's horrid. Mr. Fly (absently)—I fear it's too late to change it now.

Thick silence.—Pittsburg Press.

Pretty Unpopular.

Wigg—Bjones doesn't seem to be very popular. Wagg—I should say not. Why, that fellow is so unpopular he couldn't even get a job as a bill collector.—Philadelphia Record.

A DARING BUCCANEER

Edward Thatch, Who Was Known as the Blackbeard Pirate.

HIS BATTLE WITH MAYNARD.

After the Hand to Hand Conflict the Desperado's Head Hung at the Bowsprit End of the Lieutenant's Sloop as She Sailed Back to Virginia.

It is almost 200 years since Edward Thatch, better known as the pirate Blackbeard, was a name with which to terrorize the Atlantic coast of the then new country of America. As a buccaneer whose deeds of desperate daring made him feared wherever his name was known he stands a close rival of the famous Captain Kidd, if indeed in some respects he did not surpass that notorious freebooter.

The date of Thatch's birth is lost in history, and his native place is variously given as Bristol and Jamaica. He first appears as a foremast hand to Major Stede Bonnet, a gentleman of Barbados, who, although a man of property and having small knowledge of the sea, thought proper to fit out a sloop and take to a life of piracy, the explanation of his being "a little distracted" being charitably given by one biographer. However that may be, his crew missed in the major the qualities of a successful commander. They deposed him and elected Thatch in his place. Bonnet was tried and executed in 1711.

Thatch's first independent exploit of which we have a detailed account took place in June, 1718, when he captured two French ships near the Bermudas, one laden with sugar, the other empty. Transferring to the latter the crew of the laden vessel and letting them go their way, he sailed with his prize of vessel and sugar for Bathtown, N. C., with the governor of which place, Charles Eden, he had previously arrived at a pleasant understanding.

Thatch gave out that he had found the French ship deserted. Governor Eden received sixty hogsheads of sugar as his share. Tobias Knight, his secretary, took twenty, and the remainder fell to Thatch and his crew. Thatch lingered there for some months, plundering and insulting the merchants of the place. These, understanding at length the futility of expecting redress from Eden, applied to the governor of Virginia to rid them of the pest.

The governor, after consultation with the captains of the Pearl and Lime, then lying in the James river, agreed to provide two sloops, the warships to furnish a complement of men. Lieutenant Maynard of the Pearl was placed in command, and the punitive expedition sailed on Nov. 17, 1718. On the 21st the pirates were sighted in an inlet about sixty miles from Bathtown, and Maynard anchored for the night.

On the following morning Thatch, maneuvering to elude attack, ran his vessel aground, but Maynard's sloop, drawing more water, though she had no guns on board, failed to get to close quarters. The lieutenant, however, threw out his ballast and in answer to a truculent defiance from Thatch promised to be "soon aboard him with his sloop." Coming at last within close range, a broadside from the pirate killed or wounded twenty of Maynard's crew and nine on board his consort.

Maynard now ran alongside the pirate, when, under cover of a discharge of grenades, Thatch and fourteen followers boarded the king's ship. Maynard and Thatch, pistol and sword in hand, engaged in a desperate personal encounter. The lieutenant's sword broke, and more than once he narrowly escaped a fatal injury. But at last Thatch, having received sixteen wounds, fell dead in the act of cocking a pistol. His followers jumped overboard and cried for quarter. Maynard hung Thatch's head at the bowsprit end, sailed for Bathtown, where he seized the governor's storehouse, and then, still with his grisly sign of triumph swinging in the wind, rejoined his ship in Virginia, where thirteen of the captured pirates were hanged.

One of the Blackbeard's crew who obtained pardon was Israel Hands, who makes his appearance in "Treasure Island." Shortly before Thatch met his death Hands had been lamed for life by a pistol shot in the knee fired by Thatch from under the cabin table, at which he, with Hands and others, was carousing, just to remind his crew in general "who he was." Such an act was only one of the many eccentric brutalities of Thatch's career.

When he felt himself in the vein or was going into action his appearance was somewhat startling—his bushy black beard tied up with ribbons, the ends of which were thrown over his ears; a fur cap on his head, with a lighted match on either side, and three brace of pistols slung across his shoulder. Of the usual condition of himself and his crew much may be gathered from the fact that "our company somewhat sober" was a circumstance deemed worthy of note in the diary found after his death.—London Globe.

Not Yet.

"Do you desire a room with a bath?" asked the affable clerk.

"Gee whiz, no!" replied the gentleman with the canvas telescope. "This is only Tuesday, ain't it?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Children have more need of models than of critics.—Joubert.

MEAT IN AFRICA.

When the Native Butcher Purposes Killing an Ox He Sends Around Notice to the White People.

Travelers in Africa find the standard of living somewhat different from what they are accustomed to at home. Mary Hall in her book, "A Woman's Trek From the Cape to Cairo," throws a strong light upon the condition of market and kitchen in British Central Africa:

When the native butcher proposes to kill an ox, notice to that effect is sent round to the white people on the previous day. Once they were apprised of the fact by the following startling announcement: "A bule will be murdered tomorrow morning at 6 a. m."

This cold blooded crime, so carefully premeditated, even to the exact hour, was, however, not committed, as the next morning a second notice was issued as follows: "The bule ran away this morning, so was not murdered." But this was an exceptional case.

I heard one story which is so characteristic of the native that I repeat it. The man who related it told me that the incident occurred when he was on a journey and was suffering from a bad attack of fever. One evening he fancied he would like some eggs and told his boy to get two and boil them lightly.

After a time they were brought to him as hard as bullets. He told the boy he must get some more and boil them less; but, alas, these were brought to him in the same condition, and the poor fellow wished he had never ordered them at all.

Being unwilling to give in, he made another attempt and told his boy, "Come to me when the water boils." The boy did so.

"Now," said his master, "put the eggs in, and when you have counted fifty take them out."

The native method of reckoning is to count up to ten and then begin again, arriving at the total by the number of the tens counted. The sick man heard the boy start fair and get as far as four tens, when a second boy interfered and questioned whether it were the third or fourth ten.

This started a discussion, and as they could not agree it was decided to begin all over again. Meanwhile the eggs were still boiling and getting harder and harder. This was about the last straw, and, ill as the man felt, he was compelled to get out of bed and put a summary end to the cooking operations.

SOME SURE THINGS.

Do Not Bet on Your Ability to Perform These Feats.

Bets to be avoided by those who are cocksure they can do all things are those relating to athletic feats. It would seem that a good runner could easily give a start of fifty yards in a hundred to a man who was doing the fifty yards by hopping on one leg. But few runners, if any, can afford to give that amount of start to any man who is at all strong on his legs. For the first five yards or so they go at practically the same pace, so that to run ninety-five yards while his opponent is hopping forty-five he has to go more than twice as fast, and it is a weak man indeed who cannot hop fifty yards in ten seconds.

An ordinary wooden match is easily broken in the fingers, but, although there are many who will bet they can do it, none succeed in accomplishing the task if the match is laid across the nail of the middle finger of either hand and pressed upon by the first and third fingers of that hand, despite its seeming so easy at first sight.

No one can crush an egg placed lengthwise between his clasped hands—that is, if the egg be sound and has the ordinary shell of a hen's egg.

It is safe to bet a man that he cannot get out of a chair without bending his body forward or putting his feet under it if he is sitting on it, not at the edge of it.

Another equally certain wager is that a man cannot stand at the side of a room with both of his feet touching the wainscoting lengthwise.

It is safe to bet any man, save one who is blind, that he cannot stand for five minutes without moving if he is blindfolded.

Very Different.

It is never embarrassing in a novel for a rich man to find a lot of poor kin. There is always a vacancy in a bank, where the rich man finds a good position for the oldest son, who soon becomes the bank's president. Another child shows a genius for painting, and the rich man sends him to Italy to study. In a month or two the child returns a great artist. But how different in real life! Ah, how vastly different!—Atchison Globe.

She Had Often Studied It.

Little Marie had returned from her first visit to Sunday school.

"And what lesson are you to study for next Sunday?" her mother asked.

"Nuffin' much," said the four-year-old rather scornfully. "Her jest said to learn all about the catakissin', and me knowed that already."—Lippincott's.

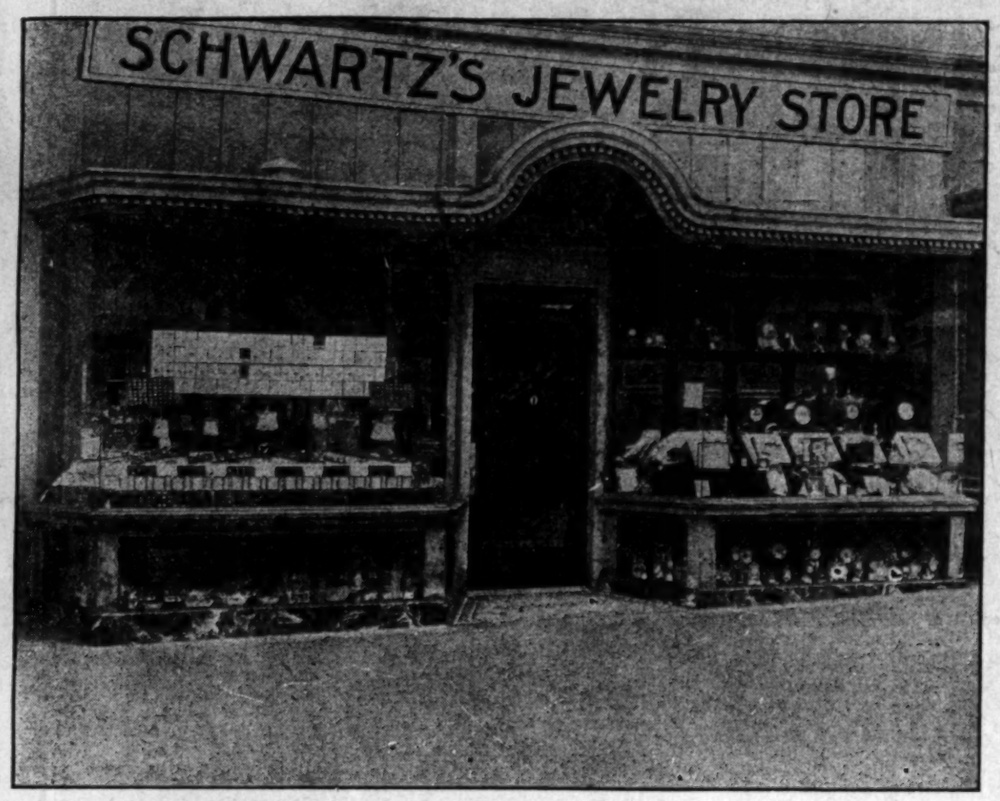
Like the Bee.

"I, sir," said Mr. Dustin Stax, "am like the busy bee. I have industriously stored the good things of life."

"Yes. And anybody who tried to stop you was very likely to get stung."—Washington Star.

Force of Habit.

Captain of Signalers—G—G—G, what the deuce does the fellow mean? There's no word with three G's running. Corporal—Beg pardon, sir, but Signaler Higgins he stutters!—London Punch.



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SARDOU AND THE SPIRIT.

The Famous French Dramatist Wrote and Drew Pictures While "Under Control."

Before he made his reputation by writing plays Victorien Sardou, the French dramatist, who was deeply interested in spiritualism, had a remarkable experience in taking dictation. He had been interested in occult phenomena, and by chance he came into communication with a spirit personality who signed himself "Bernard Palissy." M. Sardou told the story of his experiments in an article entitled "Only the Blindly Ignorant Scoff" in the Delineator. He said:

One day in my room with two friends I thought I would make the little table where we had taken our coffee run about the room, as I had often done when alone. Without saying anything I put my hand on the table, but it would not budge. I tried in vain all the time they were there to make it move, but to no avail. As soon as they were gone I could make it do what I pleased, even jump clear off the floor. So I took up my pencil and asked, "But why would you not make the table move while my friends were here?" The hand which held the pencil wrote, "They were too stupid."

Shortly after this I was sitting by my table one day idling, dreaming, not making any effort to do anything in particular. All of a sudden my hand began to work on the paper before me with a rapidity and precision which astonished me. And it kept this up for close to two hours. The result was a fantastic piece of work drawn in delicate lines, fine almost as a spider's web, and at the bottom a signature—"Bernard Palissy." "What is it?" I asked.

And my automatic hand wrote, "The house of Swedenborg, on the planet Jupiter." This was considered as most curious by all my friends, who knew that personally I had no aptitude for drawing. A plate was prepared, and I was given an etching tool. The result, in the same order of design, was a more elaborate piece of work, this time curiously combined out of all sorts of musical terms, clefs, notes, bars, and so on, and the whole was designated as the house of Mozart, also on Jupiter, and the whole was again signed "Palissy." In fact, Bernard Palissy became my almost constant companion from this on, like my second self.

AN UNWASHED PRINCE.

The Lesson That Ended His Kicks About Morning Baths.

When Emperor William II. was a small boy he had a strong objection to being washed in the morning, and his governess, having had some unpleasant experiences with him and being in some doubt as to what she had better do, appealed to his father, the then Crown Prince Frederick. Frederick answered, "The next time he gives any trouble on this score leave him alone to his own pleasure and report to me."

Naturally it was not long before the young prince refused to go through the purification process, and the governess followed the orders received.

Now, the boy had a little carriage and was very fond of driving out in the morning, and he generally ordered the coachman to go by way of the Brandenburg gate, as it amused and flattered him to see the soldiers in the barrack, just inside the gate, turn out and present arms as the heir to the empire passed their quarters. Accordingly on the morning of his disobedience the order was, as usual, "To the Brandenburg gate," and the carriage rolled rapidly thither. But what was the amazement and the rage of the princeling on arriving there to see no soldiers except those on guard, and they took not the slightest notice of him. In a towering passion he ordered the coachman to return to the palace, where, rushing into his father's room, he complained of the indecent behavior of the guard and demanded their condign punishment.

But his father only smiled and said in the gentlest voice: "Fuer ungewaschener prinz wird niemals praesentirt" ("An unwashed prince is never saluted").—Harper's Weekly.

A FIRE IN JAPAN.

The Victim Has Other Troubles Besides Loss of Goods, Says American Missionary.

An American missionary living in Japan recently lost his dwelling by fire. He described in an amusing way the polite condolences which his neighbors showered upon him. "We were deluged with visiting cards," he says. "They were forced into our hands by sympathetic inquirers, friends offering aid and tradespeople soliciting orders. The conversation with each comer was somewhat as follows: 'You have indeed had an honorable disaster,' says the friend. 'I have humbly caused a great disturbance,' I reply. 'Please honorably excuse me.' 'Indeed, it is honorably sad for you,' the friend answers. 'I have done an unheard of thing,' I say. 'I am overcome that you should have come to call on me on purpose. Thank you very much.' 'Please honorably excuse me for being so late in coming,' says the friend. The energy required for such a conversation can be imagined by accompanying each sentence with a low bow and repeating the process about fifty times.

"About 10 o'clock we two foreigners escaped to face our next duty, which consisted in apologizing to all the houses in our section—about fifty. It was nearly 12 o'clock at night when our apology tour was completed, but our last visitor called at 2 o'clock in the morning. Callers began coming again at 6 o'clock and kept on coming steadily. During the day we received many visitors and paid twenty-eight or more calls. The strain of all this, together with our other tasks, including the receiving of the stream of visitors, which lasted a whole week, is better imagined than described.

"All day after the fire and for three days more people from all over Gifu and from out-stations kept bringing sympathy from their families and presents of cakes and fruit and other articles. We can never repay all the kindness we received."—Chicago News.

THE ELBE RIVER.

How the Stream Was Brought to an Even Slope and Current.

In the beginning the Elbe, like any other river, wandered at its will, now spreading out among a multitude of islands, now narrowing into a short and crooked turn, now widening over a shoal. As a proper beginning for the correction of this sort of thing the Prussians, in true German style, prepared a map of the stream as it was, decided by a simple mathematical calculation how wide a channel 1.50 meters deep at middle water could be with the existing flow and then upon the map in red ink, eliminating all sharp turns, drew in graceful curves and long straight reaches regardless of the existing banks two nearly parallel lines, indicating the banks as they were intended to be.

The engineers began at the head of the stream and built out from the old shore to the location of the red line transverse dikes, ground sills—ordinary contraction works. Sometimes where they seemed to be needed they built long parallel dikes exactly on the new red line. Sometimes they wove hurdles and revetment mattresses of willow brush, much as we do at home, and sunk them on bars between the tips of the transverse dikes, and then on the top of them set up upright sticks and wove "wattle" or basket fences of willow through them to make pens, and into these piled sand dredged from the stream, to build up the shore. Mile by mile they advanced, dredging the river or letting it dredge itself, leaving no ends loose to ravel out, gradually reducing the river to an even slope and current.—Boston Transcript.

His Dinner Guests.

In a volume published in London, "Piccadilly to Pall Mall," there is this queer anecdote of the vagaries of social life in the capital: Some years ago an eminent personage accepted or suggested a dinner with a certain millionaire, at that time comparatively unknown. The first guest to arrive, having explained to the butler that, being unacquainted with his host, he would wait till some one else came who could introduce him, lingered in the hall. The second was in the same predicament, as were the third, fourth, fifth and other guests up to the ninth, who chanced to be "the eminent personage" himself. Upon the dilemma being explained to him he cheerfully said: "Oh, come along with me! I will introduce you all. I know him."

Clown Dogs In Demand.

There are dogs and dogs, but not all dogs are fitted for clown work in the circus or a dog and pony show. Clown dogs are a source of great amusement with the children, and when a pup is found which has a keen sense of the ridiculous he is the one for the sawdust ring. Sometimes pups of no particular breed are found which fill the bill for harlequin roles, and the circus man is glad to get them. When a humorous dog is small and agile he is in great demand.—Chicago News.

Practical Proof.

"Yes, my son, I want you to make yourself ambidextrous. I want you to be able to use one hand just as skillfully as you do the other."

"That's me, dad. I can lick any boy in my class with either hand."—New York World.

The Dear Friends.

Vaudeville Dancer—When do you go on? Vaudeville Singer—Right after the trained cats. Vaudeville Dancer—Goodness me! Why don't the manager try to vary the monotony of his acts?—Cleveland Leader.

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS

By the Way He Does It He Gives an Index to His Character.

THE POTENCY OF LAUGHTER.

Shown by the Effective Way in Which Cervantes Smiled Spain's Vain and Foolish Chivalry Away—Men Who Never Laughed and Rarely Smiled.

What an index to character is man's laugh! What surer clew can we have to both his intellect and his temper unless it be that he seldom or never laughs? "Nothing," says Goethe, "is more significant of men's character than what they find laughable." "You know no man," says Tieck, "till you have heard him laugh—till you know when and how he will laugh." "The perception of the ludicrous," says Emerson, "is a pledge of sanity. A rogue alive to the ludicrous is still convertible. If that sense is lost his fellow men can do little for him."

Lavater, the great physiognomist, lays his great stress on the very unequivocal and derisive nature of a laugh as an index of character. If it be free and hearty and occasion a general and light movement in all the features and dimple the cheek and chin, it is an almost infallible evidence of the absence of any great material wickedness of disposition. Caesar mistrusted Cassius because that lean and hungry conspirator rarely, if ever, indulged in laughter. When Horace Walpole was in Paris in 1765 he found that laughing was out of fashion in that gay capital. "Good folks," he writes, "they have no time to laugh. There are God and the king to be pulled down first, and men and women, one and all, are devoutly employed in the demolition."

How often a man fails to betray the tiger that lurks within him until he laughs! Is there nothing significant in the fact recorded by Plutarch of Cato the younger that nothing could make him laugh, that his countenance was scarcely softened even by a smile? Is it not a characteristic trait of the gloomy tyrant, Philip II. of Spain, that he rarely smiled and that he laughed but once in his entire life, and that when he heard of the massacre on St. Bartholomew's day? Is it not a suggestive fact regarding the gloomy, taciturn Wallenstein, the terror of the people, at the sight of whom as he paced through his camp with his lofty figure enveloped in a scarlet mantle and with a red feather in his cap a strange horror took possession of the soldiers, that he was never seen to smile? Can we wonder that the poor little dwarf, Alexander Pope, the cynical satirist, afflicted with asthma and dropsy, tortured with rheumatism, racked with headaches and threatened with cataract, should never have laughed, but only smiled?

It has been said of the greatest of English dramatists, who united with his intense humor an equally intense, piercing insight into the darkest and most fearful depths of human nature, that no heart would have been strong enough to hold the woe of Lear and Othello except that which had the unquenchable elasticity of Falstaff and the "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Might not a similar remark be made of that "pendulum betwixt a smile and a fear," Abraham Lincoln, in whom sadness and a keen sense of the comic were so strikingly combined? How exuberant was his mirth, sparkling in jest, comic story and anecdote, and yet how often the very next moment those sad, pathetic, melancholy eyes showed a man familiar with "sorrows and acquainted with grief!"

Who can doubt that but for the merriment in which he indulged—the contagious laughter which welled up from his soul as naturally as do bubbles in the springs of Saratoga—he would have sunk under his weary weight of care long before he fell by the pistol of Booth?

It is indeed statesmen, students and thinkers generally who most need the relaxation afforded by occasional merriment. Some centuries ago it was the fashion in Europe for men of rank to keep a buffoon, and a banquet was considered incomplete where a privileged jester was not an attendant. This was perhaps for those days a wise custom. It is surprising how much a few minutes' sleep will refresh the body and a few minutes' laughter the mind, and many a useful life might be prolonged by the substitution of these remedies for "carking care" and weariness in place of the usual treacherous tonics and stimulants.

What a dismal deduction would be made from the happiness of our homes if they were robbed of their merriment! What pictures of innocent mirth has Goldsmith given in the "Vicar of Wakefield," and how artless the remark of the good Dr. Primrose. "If he had little wit we had plenty of laughter!"

What a power for good and evil is the world's "dread laugh, which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn!" How many men have been cowed by it who could have faced without flinching a battery's deadly fire! How many bad customs and wicked practices, how many quixotic schemes of philanthropy or reform, how many absurd doctrines in politics, theology and sociology, which have defied the artillery of argument have been "laughed off the public stage," never to return! Did not Cervantes "smile Spain's vain and foolish chivalry away?"—William Mathews in London Great Thoughts.

Ill gotton goods never prosper.—German Proverb.

OBEYED THE DOCTOR.

Did His Best In Keeping a Watch Upon the Patient, but He Practiced Substitution.

The late Dr. Drummond, the habitant poet, once related an amusing anecdote indicative of the simplicity of the rural French Canadian.

He was summering in Megantic county, Que., when, early one evening, he was visited by a young farmer named Ovide Leblanc.

"Bon soir, docteur," said Ovide by way of greeting. "Ma brudder Moise, heem ver' seeck. You come on d'house for see heem, doc?"

Drummond, always kind hearted and obliging, complied with the request of Ovide and found the unfortunate Moise suffering from what he diagnosed as a fairly severe case of typhoid.

"Wishing to provide Moise with some medicine," said the doctor-poet, "I asked Ovide to accompany me back to the village. The prescription compounded, I proceeded to instruct Ovide. The dose was to be administered every three hours during the night, and, trying to be as brief, plain and explicit as possible, I said: 'Be sure and keep watch on Moise tonight and give him a teaspoonful of this at 9 o'clock, 12 o'clock and at 3 and 6 in the morning. Come and see me about 9 o'clock in the morning.'"

Ovide understood and departed. The following morning he again presented himelf, and Drummond asked: "How's Moise? Did you do as I told you?"

"Ma brudder Moise, I t'ink he some better dan las' night," replied Ovide. "I give heem de medecine, but I doan have no watch in d'house, doc. I tak d'leetle clock—d'one what mak d'beeg deesturb for get up. I keep eet on hees ches' all night. T'ink eet do heem good dat, jus' lak d'watch. W'at you t'ink, doc?"—Harper's Weekly.

THE QUEEN BEE.

Her Household Service the Most Perfect In the World.

"We must go to the bee for the real solution of the servant question," said a housewife. "The queen bee's service is the most perfect in the world. Why, she even has servants who digest her food for her.

"The queen bee is so entirely occupied in egg laying—she lays 2,500 eggs, twice her own weight, daily—that all other things must be done for her.

"And so a corps of servants makes her toilet. This corps all day long cleans and brushes and polishes her person. It is as though her life were passed divinely in a beautiful parlor.

"Another corps of servants has charge of the air she breathes. The air must be the purest, that her eggs may be the finest. So, standing in a circle about her, fanning with their wings, these bees make a living ventilating system.

"Her most important servants are perhaps her feeders. Their training may be said to begin before birth, since they must be born, from specially molded eggs, with glands in their heads for the reception of bee milk, the chosen predigested food of the queen. The feeders stand always at attention, presenting, like a brimming cup, their head glands, swollen with predigested food, to the queen bee, busy at her task of laying a dozen eggs a minute."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The English Three R's.

We are constantly being misunderstood by the foreigners, says Clarence Rook, and the Frenchman of whom the following story is told contrived to do us something less than justice.

He had been on a visit to this country in order to study at first hand the social manners of the English people.

On returning to his native land he was asked by a friend whether he had discovered the meaning of the mysterious "three R's."

"Oh, I found out what they were on the first day of my visit!" said he.

"And what are they, then?"

"Rippin', rotten and right-o!" replied the triumphant Frenchman.—London Mail.

Had Them Tested.

The loss and recovery of a $6,500 pearl necklace recall the story of a similar experience which a New York woman had after the last Old Guard ball. She also missed her necklace when she arrived at her home, and the next day it was brought to her by a woman who had shared her carriage on her way home. Handing the necklace to her friend, the finder said: "So glad I found it. We always thought they were real."—New York Tribune.

Allaying His Fears.

The New Convict—Say, old man, I'm likely to go stomping around my boudoir at all hours of the night. I'm a sleepwalker. It worries me terribly too. Guard—It needn't in this hotel, for there isn't the sightest danger of your walking out of a window.—Puck.

Their Good Time.

Little Elsie was very disobedient and mother was cross and scolding. Suddenly the little one looked up and said very sweetly, "Oh, mamma, ain't we having a good time!"

"How?" asked the mother crossly.

"Oh, just a-fussing."—Delineator.

A Mechanical Age.

"What has become of the old fashioned mother who sat up to see at what hour her boys got in?"

"I presume she has been superseded by a time clock."—Kansas City Journal.

A common danger produces unanimity.—Latin Proverb

LEGAL NOTICES.

Perrie W. Frisby, Attorney.

In the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, John C. Proctor, plaintiff, vs. Lula Stewart, alias Lula Chambers, alias Lula Proctor, defendant, No. 29631, Equity Doc.

The object of this suit is to obtain a decree declaring the marriage ceremony subsisting between the plaintiff and the defendant a nullity on the ground of fraud.

On motion of the complainant, by his attorney, Perrie W. Frisby, it is this 19th day of October, 1910, ordered that the defendant, Lula Stewart, alias Lula Chambers, alias Lula Proctor, cause her appearance to be entered herein on or before the fortieth day, exclusive of Sundays and legal holidays, occurring after the day of the first publication of this order; otherwise the cause will be proceeded with as in case of default. Provided, a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks in the Washington Law Reporter and the Washington Bee.

ASHLEY M. GOULD,
Justice.

A true copy. Test: J. R. Young, clerk. By R. P. Belew, assistant clerk.

Thomas Walker, Attorney.

In the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. Lewis Hughes et al., plaintiffs, vs. George Hughes, defendant. No. 29413, Equity Doc. No. 64. The object of this suit is the partition by sale of part of Lot Two (2) in Block Seventeen (17), in Hall and Evans' Subdivision of land now known as "Meridian Hill," as per plat recorded respectively, in Liber E. C. E. No. 24, folio 499, of the Land Records of the District of Columbia, and Liber Levy Court No. 2, folio 58, and Liber Governor Shepherd, folios 62 and 63, of the Records of the Office of the Surveyor of said District.

Beginning for the same at the southeast corner of said lot, and running thence west on Erie street fifteen (15) feet; thence north one hundred and fifty (150) feet to the rear line of said lot; thence east on said rear line fifteen (15) feet to the northeast corner of said lot, and thence south on the east line of said lot one hundred and fifty (150) feet to the place of beginning, and the improvements thereon.

On motion of the complainants, it is this 2d day of November, 1910, ordered that the defendant, George Hughes, cause his appearance to be entered herein on or before the fortieth day, exclusive of Sundays and legal holidays, occurring after the day of the first publication of this order; otherwise the cause will be proceeded with as in case of default. Provided a copy of this order be published once a week in the Washington Law Reporter and The Washington Bee before said day.

ASHLEY M. GOULD,
Justice.

A true copy. Test: J. R. YOUNG, Clerk, by F. E. CUNNINGHAM, Assistant Clerk.

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West Washington Notes.

The Heliotrope Circle held its regular monthly meeting Tuesday at the residence of Mrs. Annie Boyd, 2620 P street northwest. After the close of meeting the Circle and the invited guests were ushered by the hostesses, Mesdames Annie Boyd and Alice Harris, to the dining-room, where a delightful table awaited them; and a most pleasant evening was spent in songs and music. Among the many present were Mr. and Mrs. D. Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. W. Crusor, Mr. and Mrs. Round, Mrs. E. Holt, Mrs. R. Foster, Miss Maude Smallwood, Miss Tillie Carroll, Mrs. L. G. Williams, Mrs. Sarah Smith, Mrs. L. Palmer, Mrs. M. Thomas, Mrs. L. Bell, Miss M. Carroll, Misses L. N. Harris, J. Hubert, L. Bogle, George Brown and James L. Turner.

Mrs. Cornelia Barnes, an old resident of this section and aunt of Nannie Jacobs, died last Tuesday, and was buried Thursday evening.

Mr. William E. Jones, of New York City, who has been spending a few days with Miss Louis Smothers and family, returned home last week.

The First Baptist Sunday School will celebrate Parents' Day Sunday morning with appropriate exercises. An address will be delivered to the parents by Mr. James L. Turner. Mr. Joseph H. Lawson is the superintendent, and the school is said to be in a very prosperous condition.

The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor of the First Baptist Church, Rev. E. Ricks, pastor, held its installation exercises Nov. 6, 1910, at 6 o'clock p. m. The following program was rendered:

Scripture reading by the ex-President, Miss H. Williams.
Solo, Miss Martha Harris.
Solo, Mr. Charles Lane.
Selection, Mr. P. S. Jefferson.
Solo, Mr. Botts.

The following officers were installed by the pastor for the ensuing year: Miss Sadie A. Gaskins, President; Miss Lucy Lewis, Vice President; Miss Lillian Ford, Corresponding Secretary; Helen Alexander, Recording Secretary. Prayer Meeting Committee, Miss Eleanor Gordan, Chairman; Social Committee, Miss Lena Hewlett, Chairman; Lookout Committee, Mrs. Louise Chloe, Chairman; Relief Committee, Mrs. Sarah Slaughter, Chairman; Temperance Committee, Miss Rebecca Balls, Chairman; Good Literature Committee, Miss Sadie Johnson, Chairman; Missionary Committee, Mrs. Agnes Brent, Chairman; Chorister Committee, Mr. Charles Lane, Chairman; Treasurer, Mrs. Mary Diggs.

The Endeavor Society meets every Sunday evening at 6 o'clock. All are invited.

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McNamana.

Mr. McNamana is now open for business. You should not fail to give him a call. Seventh street above L northwest.

Miss Crews' Success.

Dr. Minnie A. Crews, now associated with the Fountain Pharmacy, 12th and U streets, enjoys the distinction of being the first colored lady to pass the new pharmacy law, recently enacted. Dr. Crews is one of Washington's most reliable prescription compounders, having been for years chemist and pharmacist at the Woman's Clinic.

Wanted at Once.

The Howard Stock Company offers rare opportunities to young ladies to develop their singing, dancing and dramatic ability. This company wants, at once, several pretty young ladies who can dance and sing. This company is no doubt the best in the United States, and anybody who is able to dance and sing will be paid a good salary and given permanent employment if she or they will give satisfaction. Call or address J. Lubrie Hill, Howard Theater, 7th and T streets northwest.

PRACTICAL TALKS ON BUSINESS.

By Successful Business Men, at Shiloh Baptist Church, "The Strangers' Home," L Street, Between 16th and 17th, Northwest, on Every Other Friday Night in Each Month.

The object of these talks is to encourage our people to patronize those members of the race who are already in business; to assist the business men of the race in enlarging and improving their business; to aid other members of the race to start business enterprises of their own; to secure to the race more employment and better recognition by the white business houses which our people patronize largely; to show our people how to secure homes and save their money, and help them in doing these things; to teach the race business methods and the simple, every-day business principles.

Meetings Open to All.

These "business talks" will begin promptly at 8:30 p. m., and close at 10 o'clock, sharp. They will be open to all, free of charge. A collection will be taken at each meeting to cover expenses.

A question box will be used at each meeting, and all who attend will be allowed to ask questions upon the particular subject under consideration.

Persons who have made a success in their business, or persons who are experts, will be the principal speakers at each meeting, and all legitimate callings and businesses will be taken up for consideration during these series of "talks."

Mr. Robert Campbell, the well-known undertaker of South Washington, has opened a branch undertaker's establishment at 1409 28th street, Georgetown, where he is prepared to do first-class work on short notice. Mr. Robert Campbell needs no recommendation, as he is so well known in churches and all the lodges of the city, where he has buried members.

Mr. Campbell is an up-to-date funeral director, and is known as one of the best in the business. His southwest establishment is one of the best-equipped places in the city.

OBITUARY.

In Heaven—Anthony Desailes Dangerfield.

Through the threatening showers of rain, at the appointed hour, the remains of Anthony Desailes, the beloved son of A. W. and Janie L. Dangerfield was laid to rest amid touched hearts of many sorrowing friends, attested by true love of honor and esteem.

"Sleep on, dear one, and take thy rest,
At home with Jesus; you did your best.
Sleep on, and sleep till the eternal day;
In memory of love your name will lay."

—By his cousin, A. W. D.

Wanted—Colored Artists.

Two good men comedians, two good lady skirt dancers, buck and wing, also butterfly dancing, for motion picture and vaudeville, under canvas, to spend winter South, taking in Florida. No booze artist need apply. Good pay and steady work to parties who want to make money. State wages wanted. We furnish board, lodging and washing. Men must be able to sing, dance and play some instrument. Ladies must sing, dance and play piano or some other instrument. Address Tar Heel Amusement Co., W. H. Brown, Stage Manager, Sanford, N. C.

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II. **Training for the Christian Ministry.** This Department will train young men especially in practical Theology, the art of reaching and saving men. This course will be very thorough. The teachers have been selected with great care.

III. **Department of Music,** vocal and instrumental.

IV. **Literary Branches.** Academic and Collegiate.

V. **Commercial Department.**

VI. **Department of Industry.**

Young men and women to a limited number, who are worthy, will be helped. All applications for admission must be made by September 15, 1910.

Regular school term begins October 12, 1910.

For further information address President, National Religious Training School, Durham, N. C.

Missionary Maxfield.

Mr. M. C. Maxfield, who devotes a great deal of his time to missionary work among his people, delivered an address to the Sabbath school of the Cosmopolitan Baptist Church last Sunday morning to a very large school.

His address was full of good thoughts and advice to the children. There is a great deal of work to be done among the children, and Mr. Maxfield and others are doing it.

Job Printing.

Bring your job printing to The Bee office, if you want first-class work. Call or address W. Calvin Chase, Jr., 1109 I street, or 1212 Florida avenue northwest.

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For further information address the President, National Religious Training School, Durham, N. C.

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If you want a well-erected house in Virginia at a rent purchase, look elsewhere in The Bee. Don't miss the opportunity. Purchase at once.

Good Timber.

If the Board of Education wants to select a good man for the colored schools, there are many—Prof. Kelly Miller, James Walker, Prof. Montgomery; or, if it wants a woman, Miss Mattie Shedd would be satisfactory.

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Dr. Walter C. Simmons, 1000 20th Street, N. W.
Dr. W. S. Singleton, 20th and E streets, N. W.
Mr. Joseph E. Davis, 1020 U Street, N. W.
Mr. E. Throckmorton, 1500 14th Street, N. W.
Mr. George Steele, 1900 L Street, N. W.
Mr. D. S. Reed, 1013 New York Avenue, N. W.
Mr. Charles E. Smith, 312 G Street, S. W.

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E. D. Burts, 2636 State Street, Chicago, Ill.
J. H. Gray, 1233 Pine Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Robert S. Lawrence, 417½ King Street, Charleston, S. C.
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Alphesus Conlye, 7 Potter Street, Buffalo, N. Y.
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